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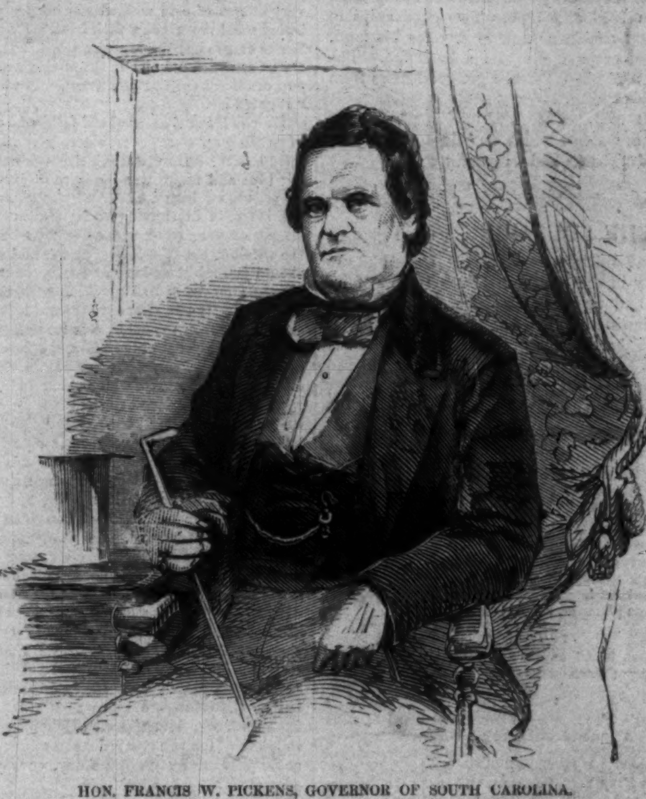
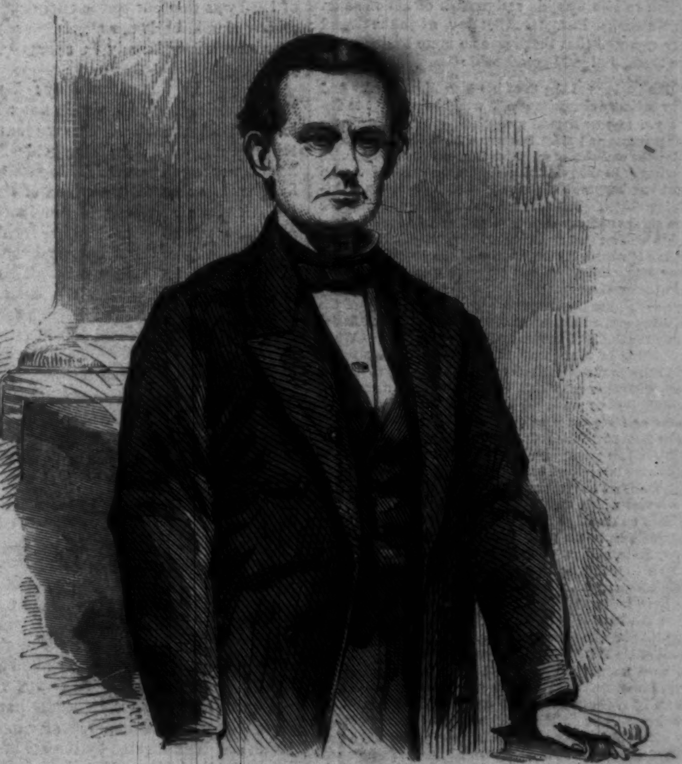


HON. FRANCIS W. PICKENS, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



HON. JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Governor Pickens, the newly-elected Governor of the State of South Carolina.

Governor Pickens comes of good revolutionary stock. His grandfather, General Pickens, commanded the American forces at the Battle of the Cowpens. His father, Colonel Pickens, held a military command in the war of 1812, though it is not known that he was ever engaged in active service. The present Governor, Francis W. Pickens, was born in South Carolina about fifty years ago, and has been some twenty years in public life.

He took an active part in the nullification movement in 1832, and was one of the most ardent champions of actual resistance by arms. In 1835 he was sent to Congress, where he represented one of the South Carolina districts for ten years. He was offered the mission to England by President Polk, and the mission to France by President Tyler: he declined these, but accepted from President Buchanan the mission to Russia, which he filled until recently. On his return home he was elected, as the world knows, first Governor of the independent State of South Carolina.

The *Herald* publishes the following anecdotes about the Governor:

"During the nullification times, the remark was made that the occasion was one that might excite fears and apprehension, when Colonel Pickens is alleged to have replied as follows:

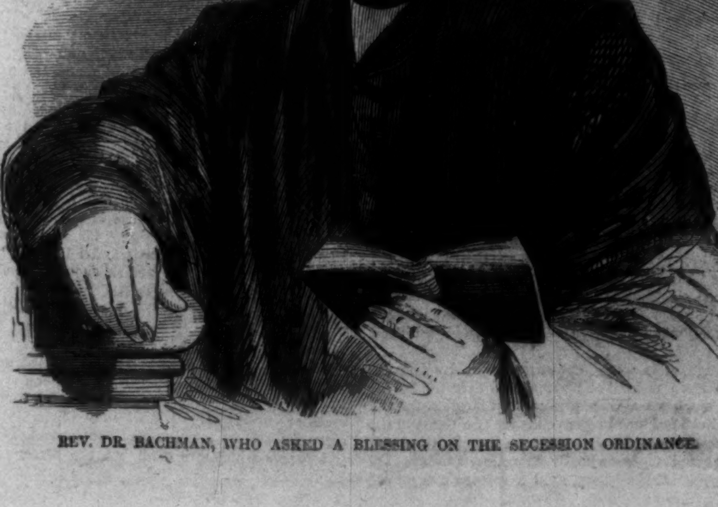
"'Fear! fear! Mr. President, I was born insensible to *fear!*'

"His servant man, Tom, an old negro about sixty-five years of age, stands in the relation to him of a confidant and a friend more than that of a slave. When Colonel Pickens received his appointment to Russia he said to his faithful old servant:

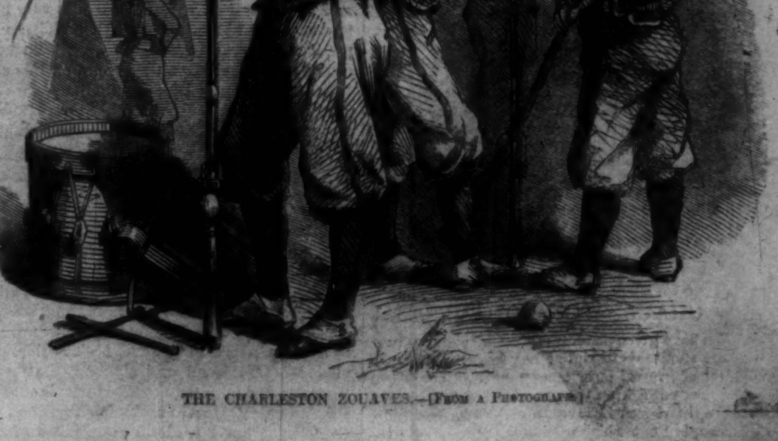
"'Now, Tom, I have been appointed as Minister to Russia. It is a very cold, a very bad climate for you. On my way there I'll have to pass through the State of New York, and also through England, where you'll be a free man, and if you have a desire to leave me you will have an opportunity to do so. If you would rather go to Russia, Tom, you can go; but it appears to me you would enjoy yourself better if you stay at home. But you can do as you please.'

"'Master Colonel Pickens,' said the faithful old fellow—'Master Colonel Pickens, your father and my old master died in my arms on the banks of the Mississippi; I took from his pocket thirteen hundred dollars in money and his gold watch, and I let nobody know it, and I came on foot through the woods and brought it safely to you in Carolina—you know, master; and if you die in Russia, you shall die in my arms, like your father.'

"So Tom went to St. Petersburg, and he was the head



REV. DR. BACHMAN, WHO ASKED A BLESSING ON THE SECESSION ORDINANCE.



THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

man at the door on all state occasions, and acquitted himself with all the dignity due to his position. When Colonel Pickens was about leaving St. Petersburg he said to his old servant, 'Tom, I am going through Germany, and I want to send a courier with very important dispatches to our Minister, Mr. Dallas, in London. Now, Tom, I shall make you courier; you shall go with my dispatches to Mr. Dallas.'

"Tom accepted the mission, and we do him but justice when we say that he discharged his duty with promptness, correctness, and fidelity to his master."

JUDGE MAGRATH.

We publish on page 33, from a photograph sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a portrait of Judge Magrath, late Judge of the United States District Court at Charleston. Judge Magrath is a lawyer of high standing at the South Carolina bar, and enjoys the respect of the public. He has hitherto taken no leading part in politics outside of his State; but in the Convention he was reckoned one of the strongest men, and is now one of the Executive Council of the new nation of South Carolina. The first act which directed public attention to him was his resignation of his office on 7th November last. On that day, when the Grand Jury reported that there was no more business before them, Judge Magrath said:

> "The business of the term has been disposed of. And under ordinary circumstances, it would be my duty to dismiss you to your several avocations, with my thanks for your presence and aid. But now I have something more to do; the omission of which would not be consistent with propriety. In the political history of the United States an event has happened of ominous import to fifteen slaveholding States. The State of which we are citizens has been always understood to have deliberately fixed its purpose, whenever that event should happen. Feeling an assurance of what will be the action of the State, I consider it my duty, without delay, to prepare to obey its wishes. That preparation is made by the resignation of the office I have held. For the last time I have, as a Judge of the United States, administered the laws of the United States within the limits of the State of South Carolina. While thus acting in obedience to a sense of duty, I can not be indifferent to the emotions it must produce. That department of government which, I believe, has best maintained its integrity and preserved its purity, has been suspended. So far as I am concerned, the Temple of Justice, raised under the Constitution of the United States, is now closed. If it shall be never again opened, I thank God that its doors have been closed before its altar has been desecrated with sacrifices to tyranny. May I not say to you that in the future which we are about to penetrate, next to the reliance we should place in the goodness of that God, who will guide us in the right way, should be our confidence in our State, and our obedience to its laws. We are about to sever our relations with others, because they have broken their covenant with us. Let us not break the covenant we have made with each other. Let us not forget that what the laws of our State require becomes our duties. And that he who acts against the wish or without the command of his State usurps that sovereign authority which we must maintain inviolate. To you, gentlemen of the jury, I may speak as the representative of the juries with whom I have been connected; and to you I now give expression to that conviction I have always had, of the fidelity with which the responsible duties of jurors have been here discharged. To my brethren of the bar, whose uniform courtesy and aid have made my official intercourse and duties the sources of pleasure and instruction, I tender the assurances of my kind and grateful recollection. To the officers of this court, with whom I have been so long and pleasantly connected; to the Attorney of the United States for this State, whose ability and fidelity in the discharge of his duties merit the highest commendation; to the Marshal whose zeal has ever kept pace with the obligations of his office; to the Clerk, whose experience has ever been generously exercised in the business of the Court; to all other officers, who have invariably been exact in all they were required to do; with all of whom my official relations have been productive of the highest gratification; I now tender, as the last official act which I shall here discharge, my kindest wishes for their happiness and prosperity."

At the conclusion of these remarks his Honor laid aside his gown and retired.

REV. DR. BACHMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish on page 33 the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of South Carolina, the minister who was selected by the Secession Convention to ask a prayer on the ratification of the Ordinance of Secession. Dr. Bachman is distinguished as a naturalist, but has made himself more conspicuous, latterly, by his strong political leanings to the side of disunion. The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the scene which attended the signing of the Ordinance of Secession:

> "The scene was one profoundly grand and impressive. There were a people assembled through their highest representatives—men most of them upon whose heads the snow of sixty winters had been shed—patriarchs in age—the dignitaries of the land—the High Priests of the Church of Christ—reverend statesmen—and the wise judges of the law. In the midst of deep silence an old man, with bowed form and hair as white as snow, the Rev. Dr. Bachman, advanced forward, with upraised hands, in prayer to Almighty God, for His blessing and favor in this great act of his people about to be consummated. The whole assembly at once rose to its feet, and, with hats off, listened to the touching and eloquent appeal to the All-Wise Dispenser of events.
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> "At the close of the prayer the President advanced with the consecrated parchment upon which was inscribed the decision of the State, with the great seal attached. Slowly and solemnly it was read unto the last word—'dissolved;' when men could contain themselves no longer, and a shout that shook the very building, reverberating long continued, rose to heaven, and ceased only with the loss of breath. In proud, grave silence the Convention itself waited the end with beating hearts."

CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.

We have given pictures of the Chicago Zouaves, whose admirable discipline has rendered them an object of general envy among our military folks. We now publish on the preceding page a picture of the Charleston Zouaves, a corps less generally known, but one which may become pretty conspicuous in the course of the next few weeks. The uniform, it can not be denied, is very handsome; and the men who wear it are gallant and brave.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

THE TRADE AND PROSPECTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

The exports of produce, goods, and merchandise from the port of New York during the year 1860 were valued at the Custom-house at the sum of $103,492,280, about thirty per cent. more than the heaviest previous export on record. Adding specie to produce, goods, and merchandise, New York exported in 1860 $145,683,451, against $137,696,187 in 1859, $85,639,643 in 1858, and $117,724,329 in 1857. The peculiarity of the commercial movement of 1860 was that our specie export was comparatively small, while our aggregate exports were notwithstanding largely in excess of previous years.

To explain this more fully: the Atlantic States receive from California some forty millions of gold annually. The amount is uncertain, because a portion of the gold which comes here is not manifested. Taking an average of five years, we export the whole of this gold to Great Britain and France. In 1858, the year after the panic, when the importations were light, exchange ruled low, and we only exported $26,001,431 in specie. This was less than we received, and left a balance in the country. But the year following (the imports being heavy) we exported $69,715,866 in specie—nearly seventy-five per cent. more than we received. Last year we exported $42,191,171—say about as much as we received from California, Pike's Peak, and the Southern gold mines. But as during the year 1860 we imported $8,832,330 in specie from Europe and elsewhere, it results that the close of the year leaves the United States nearly nine millions richer in specie than they were at New Year, 1860.

During the same year, 1860, New York received $238,260,460 in foreign goods—not quite as much as it received in 1859, but considerably more than any other year. It is probably safe to say that, in 1860, New York received three-fourths of the exports of the United States, and exported one-third of their exports.

Recent political developments have directed attention to the commerce of this port, and alarm has been created by threats of raising up commercial rivals to New York. It does not appear that this alarm rests on a substantial basis. Before the Revolution Charleston imported more foreign goods than any Northern city. After the Revolution, and previous to 1800, Philadelphia was the principal emporium of foreign goods on this sea-board. New York has now superseded both. It has done so without the least favors from Government, but simply by the force of geographical influence and the energy of its people. Philadelphia urges that the availability of New York harbor in winter is the cause of our supremacy. But Charleston harbor is freer of ice than ours. Charleston says that the depth of water over the bar at Sandy Hook explains the mystery. But Portland has no bar, and vessels of very heavy draught can enter at Philadelphia. The simple fact is that a variety of concurrent circumstances—an excellent harbor, a central position, an energetic commercial community, an unequaled system of internal communications, a liberal commercial code, and a uniformly healthy climate—have combined to render this city the metropolis of commercial America. Our taxes are heavier than those of any other city on the continent; our Municipal Government indisputably worse than any. Last year we raised $11,000,000 for Municipal purposes; in a year or two the Common Council will demand $15,000,000 of us. Yet we thrive notwithstanding, and two-thirds of the business of the country are done here.

Those who fear that the sceptre is passing away from New York will do well to bear these facts in mind. It is very easy to open a port, and to *expect* a great trade, but it is very hard to create a rival to New York. This city is the product of a variety of concurring influences, such as may never be united again on this continent. Until equally powerful influences are combined in favor of some other sea-port, New York will maintain its supremacy undisputed.

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST.

The returns of the census of 1860 which have been made public reveal a growth of population in our Western States that is unexampled in history. In ten years six States—to wit, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin—have increased from less than four millions to nearly eight. They have, besides this, peopled Minnesota, an entirely new State, and thrown a few hundred thousand people into the Pike's Peak Region, Washington Territory, and Oregon. They have built more miles of railway than there are in all the rest of the Union; and, if New York and Pennsylvania be omitted from the comparison, we will venture to say that they have more cities, better hotels, school-houses, and churches, than all the rest of the country together. The men still live who remember to have walked over the bare prairie where Chicago now rears her splendid face: unless present appearances are very deceptive indeed, many of us who read these lines will live to see Chicago the most populous city on the continent.

For eight millions of working people are a mighty fact. Much has been said and written about the delinquency of the West in the matter of debts. No doubt Wisconsin has something to answer for in the way of stay-laws and repudiated mortgages: some other States, too, will need, by-and-by, to clear their record of certain laws and legal proceedings of the hard times. But it must be remembered that the West relies solely for subsistence on its crops, and that they really had not a good crop there between 1856 and 1860. Two good crops in the West enable a man to pay for his land. Two bad crops make him a bankrupt. The creditors of the West will get good news from there this spring.

Eight millions of free, intelligent, reading people are a fact which overrides a legion of minor drawbacks and temporary checks.

THE SOUTHERN FORTS.

Every thing relating to the United States property in the Southern States is now of interest, and we are glad to be able to subjoin the following accurate list of the United States Forts in those States. The list begins with the forts in Louisiana, and follows the coast line to Maryland:

FORT JACKSON AND FORT ST. PHILIP,
on the Mississippi River, 75 miles below New Orleans.

FORT MORGAN,
Mobile Point, at the entrance of Mobile Bay, 40 miles below Mobile.

FORT GAINES
(unfinished), on Dauphin Island, opposite Fort Morgan, and three miles distant.

(These two works defend the entrance to Mobile Bay—of which Fort Morgan is finished, is immediately adjacent the ship channel, and far the most important. This has been taken possession of by Alabama troops.)

FORT PICKENS,
Santa Rosa Island, entrance to Pensacola harbor. One of the largest works on the Gulf. Finished.

FORT M'REE,
on Foster's Island, opposite Fort Pickens, and 1½ miles distant. A powerful casemated water-battery.

FORT BARRANCAS,
near the Navy Yard, Pensacola, and facing the entrance to the harbor. Intended also to cover the Navy Yard from a land attack. Much smaller than the other two.

FORT JEFFERSON,
a *very* important work—not quite finished—intended to protect the superb anchorage of the Tortugas, as a naval dépôt and station for guarding the immense commerce which follows the channel of the Gulf Stream, and for controlling the navigation of the Gulf.

FORT TAYLOR,
Key West—an important work, nearly finished—protects the harbor of Key West; and (with Fort Jefferson) protects the commerce of the Gulf.

FORT PULASKI,
Cockspur Island, a few miles below Savannah, protects the entrance to the river and the approach to Savannah. An important work—now taken possession of by Georgia troops.

FORT MOULTRIE AND FORT SUMTER
protect the entrance to Charleston harbor. The former is on Sullivan Island, about 3 miles below the city—an old work repaired. The latter is a new and powerful work, 1 mile distant from Fort Moultrie, and ½ mile from the nearest land.

CASTLE PINCKNEY,
a small work on the approach to, and near the city of Charleston. This (as well as Fort Moultrie) is now held by South Carolina troops. Major Anderson holds Fort Sumter.

FORT MONROE AND FORT CALHOUN,
entrance to Hampton Roads, protect these Roads and the approach to Norfolk, James River, etc. The former is the largest work in the United States. The latter is but recently commenced, and not in available condition.

FORT M'HENRY,
an old work, protecting the harbor of Baltimore.

FORT CARROLL,
a few miles below Baltimore. A very important work, now in progress of construction.

THE LOUNGER.

OLD FASHIONED.

Did you ever hear of a good old-fashioned snow-storm? Did you ever know a satisfactory fall of snow any where that somebody was not sure to call it a good old-fashioned snow-storm? If people want you to be very sure of enjoying yourself, and wish to give an irresistible point to their invitation, have you observed that they infallibly promise you a good old-fashioned time? And the orators who mourn every thing that exists will not end without an eloquent invocation of the good old-fashioned ways.

And yet in our secret souls, we lucky fellows, who have water hot and cold all over the house, can not have a very profound admiration for the good old-fashioned inconveniences of a pump in the kitchen or a well in the yard, as the sole resources and supply. We who, by a dexterous twist of the valve in the air-box, shed a soft summer heat through our houses—so that while it may be the fiercest January outside it is the finest June within—can not regret very deeply the great barns of halls and the little barns of passages, and the freezing on one side and roasting on the other before the great open fire in the parlor. There were good old-fashioned fires, wood fires, but we have come round to them again, and a hundred-fold more comfortable than they were. The days of anthracite coal grates, the dark and dreary days of the thin, black, air-tight stove, are gone, and we have the low open ranges of soft coal, Cannel best of all, which crackles and sparkles and flames, and restores the beauty of the old fire, with a comfort it never knew.

Then you have not forgotten the good old-fashioned times of stone-cold chambers? Leigh Hunt, in the *Indicator*, has a most judicious paper upon early rising, under the good old-fashioned circumstances. How one did dally with bed! How cruel the air which caught your breath and waved it visibly and defiantly in your face, by way of impressing you with the terrible fact of cold! How doubly warm and comfortable your position, as you lay close upon your back, hating to stir! The very demon of cold seemed waiting for you. He had sheeted the window with frost. Even the sunbeams came chilled and white through that impertinent crust. And oh! in the pitcher and the pail, you could not see but you knew. It was ice, unmitigated ice.

Do you think these good old-fashioned conditions of getting up were favorable to good health and good habits? Do you think that the homo standing blue and numb was likely to do justice to his ablutions, for instance? And was he not sure to cut his chin in shaving? It is all very fine to sleep with your window open or your head out of the window, but dressing is another matter. Why should you select an hour or two in the morning to expose your body to a pinching extreme of temperature? If you afterward dressed in muslin and sauntered out in the snow, *à la bonne heure!* But you do nothing of the kind; furs, mufflers, woolens, are your only wear. No, no. Habits of general cleanliness, the universal morning bath, came in with the new-fashioned times, when they don't use ice for soap.

The world would have been in a bad way if it had listened more credulously to this incessant siren song of the good old-fashioned times. The old-fashion was new-fashion once, and if it is a poor thing to be a new thing, then those times are already self-condemned. Do you suppose Harry, who was betrothed under the clear moon last night to Lucy, believes that the good old-fashioned times of old lovers were so splendid as the new times of new lovers? Will you renounce your Erard for the good old-fashioned harpsichord? or your orchestra of the Philharmonic for the limited bands for which Mozart wrote? Will you exchange your space-annihilating and comfortable car, which laughs the winter to scorn as it turns the snow from its track, for the good old-fashioned covered sleigh in which you creaked and strained and froze, accomplishing forty miles a day, or wrecked in a snow-drift?

The good old-fashioned sunshine we have as our fathers had. The good old-fashioned beauty of all the world is ours unimpaired. The good old-fashioned traits of character that make them honored and revered did not die with them. They were no more honest, generous, religious people than we are. The world is not set back. Let who will begin his New Year with a groan, the good new-fashioned times shall be the best times of all.

A SHORT SPEECH UPON SPEECHES.

At last the Egyptian collection of Dr. Abbott is established in its permanent position at the Historical Society's rooms. It belonged to us, and we have it; but the feeling of satisfaction is alloyed a little by the thought that the collector can not share in the pleasure. His portrait, however is to be hung in the rooms, and so his visible memory be perpetuated. There was a pleasant meeting to commemorate the final lodgment the other evening. There was plenty of good talking, of Egyptian reminiscence and scholarship, and some speech-making. Doubtless, when we are here a enough to dispense with the speeches, we may have réunions as agreeable as the soirées of the Royal Society at the Marquis of Northampton's a few years since.

But we must exorcise the demon of speech-making before we can hope for millennial meetings. There are many of the pleasantest and most famous people in the country who will not go to meetings because they may be obliged to speak; and it is not left to your discretion. If you are noted for any thing you must make a speech. Now you may be the most charming novelist, or essayist, or poet, or painter, or inventor, or general, or mechanic, but it does not follow that you can turn an oratorical period. And then, unhappily, *per contra*, you may reel off the most fluent and felicitous harangue, and yet not be so *very* great a man after all. Washington Irving would not go to public meetings of any kind except upon the express understanding, not only that he was not to speak, but that he was not to be called upon, and so have to speak in declining. Thackeray, at a dinner in Liverpool, when he rose to speak, was suddenly deserted by the muse of eloquence, and after saying, good-humoredly, "Really I thought I had something to say, but I find I haven't," sat down. In general that remark should be put in the form of statement and rejoinder—

Orator. "Really I thought I had something to say."

Audience. "Yes, but we see that you haven't."

The secret of the real enjoyment of club meetings and social dinners is, that nobody can spring the trap of a speech upon you. May an humble inquirer reverentially ask why the Historical Society can't have meetings without speeches—not the papers which are read, but the ceremonious harangues?

HUMOR AND HEROISM.

When Thackeray was first in this country he wrote a lecture, at the invitation of a charitable society, upon Charity and Humor. It was a charming, simple, and touching performance, and is included in the volume of lectures upon the English humorists.

But there is another text of the same kind from which the sermon has not yet been preached, and that is, heroism and humor. The illustrations in recent history should be Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood—faithful soldiers both, and true heroes. Tommy Moore, whose power of perceiving human character was not so remarkable as his skill in writing sentimental songs, thought Charles Lamb a poor punster, a kind of parlor clown. But when the "Final Memorials" appeared, and Talfourd reverently lifted the veil from the holy mystery of his life, the glory of Nelson and of Wellington did not seem greater. In fact, the test of heroism is, that it is purely private. Even small men can behave like heroes, if they know that the world is looking at them and admiring.

The Memorials of Thomas Hood, recently published by his son and daughter, curiously enough tell very little about his life, but a great deal about his death. A few letters describing the discomforts of life upon the Rhine, but confused and unsatisfactory, give a very inadequate idea of the man or the life he led. Of course, there was not a great deal of event or variety in his life; but neither was there in Lamb's: and the difference of the impression in the story of the two is very striking. We have no account whatever of the circumstances of the writing and printing of the "Bridge of Sighs;" yet such things are the events in the life of a literary man.

But every thing is forgiven for the sake of the picture of the calm and heroic end of the poet, who seems always to have been content to consider himself a punster. He died slowly, visibly, consciously, day by day. He took leave of his friends—still in the prime of his manhood and of his power, looking death sweetly in the face, and conquering the conqueror. The gayety of his spirit was not quenched. It was cheerful, manly, hearty, to the last. The tender humanity of his genius was more universal as the clear light of death showed life more truly. Two months before he died, as he lay expectant in his house, he wrote to thank Sir Robert Peel for the pension granted to his wife, and to say that they should not meet in the flesh. It was his last letter.

"Thank God my mind is composed and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share—a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic Shakespearian sympathy, which felt with King as well as Peasant, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder: it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion and place a wider moral gulf between Rich and Poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension."

They are the last words of a "humorist;" but how they transfigure the word:

"Poor comfort still for honest grief to cherish!
Poor bliss which memory alone supplies!
Thank God!—our good affections never perish—
Though in this world of woe the good man dies."

SKATING PARKS.

We all thought of the Central Park as a summer resort—a retreat in July—a country made easy for the city—a place in which every citizen should be his own country gentleman. But, as we agreed a week or two ago, it is more than that. It is questionable whether it is not visited as much, and even more passionately, in the winter than in the summer. For we stroll about in shady walks with shady minds: but who does not skate with ardor?

Six years ago skating was an amusement peculiar to school-boys in the country; it is now an amusement universal and of every age. Do you remember, Dr. M——, that pond near New Haven, how it swarmed and glittered with the gliding girls and youths a short year ago? If we should pass it now, I do not doubt it would show us the same scene, but with a greater crowd. And you have not forgotten, M——, the beautiful Jamaica Pond near Boston—that shining ball-room floor, upon which the lovely and the graceful turned and swept and darted in myriad bewildering mazes, in motion that made its own music—over which the keen bright sky arched with a smile, and around which the pretty villas upon the shore and solemn, stately evergreens gathered with sympathy and admiration? Why did you not detain the Prince to see this ball *al fresco?* Nimble in the waltz and a good rider, might he not have crowned his glory and his conquests by chasing you, far-darting and agile M——, upon shining steel, through the parting and emulous throng?

The *haut noblesse* of the metropolis are a little slower to give themselves to the new and exhilarating pursuit than those of other cities not so large. Boston, for instance—and the Lounger does not mean to insinuate in the remotest manner that it is a city "not so large"—Boston goes all together. Not some girls, but all the girls, skate, or go to the Rehearsals, or collect photographs, or read Charles Auchester, or dream of Booth, or ride sitting in the saddle, under the Polish *régime*. They are unanimous. You take the street car on a sunny winter afternoon, and sylph after sylph steps in with her skates hanging to her arm. To her cater Gustavus and Rinaldino. They are going to skate. Young Boston, of either sex, will amuse itself this afternoon by gyrations upon frozen water. Now in New York, if you would skate, you go to the Central Park, and luck go with you! In other places you go to the nearest pond, or river, or canal. So in Boston, it used to be Jamaica Pond or the "Back Bay"—(the front bay yet remains to be heard of); but the tri-mountaineers have certainly a clever way of managing matters—a different way, at least, as they had in France. For they have instituted skating parks. They have improvised theatres for the new amusement.

For instance: in Roxbury a little stream was dammed in a hollow of hills or ridges, with a bit of wood upon one rising shore. This overflow makes a pond of an average depth of four feet, and covering perhaps two acres or more. This is carefully inclosed with a fence, a neat shanty is erected for the skaters to put on the skates in comfort, warmed and furnished with seats, and serving for the office of the Superintendent. He is a responsible man, and takes care of every thing. The admission is by tickets—two dollars for the entire skating season. At night the park is lighted either by gas-burners or scores of lanterns; and all day long it is filled with skaters of all ages and both sexes. In the morning the timid and the tyros steal carefully along, and little children come to learn quite unaccompanied: and in the afternoon the stream of grace and skill comes pouring in, and it is high carnival.

The expense of such a park is considerable—not less, probably, than two thousand dollars for the season. It is overflowed at proper times, and carefully scraped after a snow-storm, so that it may be always in order. Doubtless we shall yet see new and brilliant developments of such a movement. Feasts of colored lanterns—games for two or three hundred players—what not? It is an ice Boston notion, and will come to something.

In the intervals of skating, if the skaters want to laugh, let them refresh their remembrance of the Christmas doings at Dingley Dell, in Pickwick.

OLD HOUSES.

Somehow we seem resolved in this country that we will have no visible relics of the older epochs of our history. A few months since the most interesting building in the city of New York, which was also only the third upon its site since the settlement of the island, was quietly demolished without raising the least dust in the newspapers, and without emitting so much as a dying speech and confession to let the passer-by know that it was in any manner different from all the other buildings which are guilty of being more than twenty years old, and therefore justly suffer demolition.

At this moment how few buildings of historic interest actually survive in New York! Even the few that remain are so changed that the association is necessarily gone. The old Walton House, our venerable neighbor, of whom we have chatted before with high respect, is a sailors' boarding-house; yet it is not externally altered, and is still a Magnifico in rags and poverty. Washington's headquarters, at the corner of Battery Place and Broadway, is entirely changed. It is not the house in which Washington lived, and upon the steps of which Aaron Burr and then John Andrè were loungers. The old tavern at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in which the General, "with a heart full of love and gratitude," drank farewell to his officers, still preserves something of its quaint respectability of aspect.

But when you saunter up the busy street, where you can not find a footing upon the sidewalks, they are so crowded with carts and barrels and bales, and remember the quiet Dutch dwelling-houses and broad stoops that lined the street a hundred and fifty years ago, long before we had our Government and a President, you suddenly remember that the first President was inaugurated in the balcony of the old City Hall that fronted the head of Broad Street, you see in imagination the august figure of the chief, the chancellor, the famous group, and you raise your eyes to see the very spot and to burn the picture into your memory forever, and kindle your patriotism anew. Alack! alack! what is that foolish imitation of a white Greek temple that stares at you with new, columnar insolence?

Buildings of historic renown are the most impressive public monuments. They are parts of what they commemorate. They are the contemporary witnesses present with us. When we look at them, we see the times of which they were contemporaries; touching them, we touch the great men who moved among them.

Now and then, in quiet country-places, you come upon the untouched remains of the old magnificence, or, it may be, they are slightly changed. For instance, I lately stopped at a hotel in a retired town, which outwardly looked like a private mansion-house. As I entered, the resemblance was not disturbed. The lofty ceilings—the old-fashioned sweep of the staircase, with a balustrade of white painted posts surmounted by a mahogany railing—the ample space and simplicity—all indicated a private residence of wealth and respectability now declined to public purposes. I followed the waiter up stairs to my room. He opened a large square cherry-wood door with the old-fashioned knobs, and ushered me into a lofty and spacious apartment, which would have held half a dozen of the sleeping cells of an ordinary "first-class" hotel. A bright fire burned upon the hearth, the window curtains were drawn, the sofa and easy chairs were disposed pleasantly before the fire, and the gas was turned down over the table. Another square heavy door opened into the bedroom, in which I saw at a glance the same comfort and domestic aspect.

It was clear that the house was some handsome home of the past day which had become a hotel. The room in which I sat was evidently almost unchanged. I felt myself an intruder. I awaited the coming of some stately host to freeze me with haughty politeness of rebuke. As the night deepened I heard the faint rustle of ghostly robes. I was aware of the unseen presence of the gay company of another generation. I was an unbidden guest at the feast. I arose and tried to steal away. But the measured music of the minuet paused. The company turned upon me reproachful and scornful eyes. The soft murmur of many voices died away, and, overwhelmed with mortification, I began to explain how the coachman had brought me thither, when the sound of my voice awoke me. I was sitting in the spacious room by the kindly fire; but the music, the murmuring throng, the rustling robes, the high polite society, were only what might have been.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Latin under the Lash.—A schoolmaster, in giving a boy a flogging, waited about a minute between the cuts of the rod. *Bis dat qui citò dat*, cried the victim to the tormentor.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a chimney-sweep who dislikes a pot of beer like a starch-producing vegetable?—Because he is a pot-hater.

What animal most resembles a bad Frenchman?—A cellar-rat (*scelerat*).

If an egg were questioned about its parentage, what preserve would it most likely name?—Mar-me-laid.

What cat is like a large abbey?—A gray tabby (*a great abbey*).

Why is a hatter like a valuer of goods?—Because he's a nap-raiser (*an appraiser*).

Why is a stoker on a railway-engine like another preparing breakfast?—Because he gets his steam aid (*his tea made*) by hot water.

Can you name the greatest corn-growers in Europe and America?—Yes; tight boots.

Why should an undertaker always smoke?—Because tobacco-smoke is generally a coughing-maker.

Why is a lawyer's life a lazy one?—Because it's a life of fees (*a life of ease*).

In trying to make a contract, what do you mean by a "sealed tender?"—A love-letter.

Telling your Fortune.—A witness in the Court of Queen's Bench being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that learned gentleman asked him if he was not a fortune-teller?—"I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune."—"Well, fellow," says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, Sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the old Bailey, and I think it is possible that you will there make your *last speech*."

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dare is *look out*," he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and look out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrarie."

"First boy state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next. Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?"—"The ages before gas was invented."

Sergeant Cockle, a rough, blustering fellow, and well known on the northern circuit, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery, he asked the witness, "Don't you love fish?"—"Ah," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I dunna like Cockle sauce with it."

A Choice of a Jury.—A certain sea-captain who had a considerable interest with his brother officers and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offense against the laws of the navy of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said, "Cheer up, man; why should you be cast down? I fear nothing, and why should you?"—"Why, faith, your honor," replied the fellow, "I should be as courageous as you are if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff, received the following laconic reply; "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present the sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that you shall have *no ground* left to complain of my endeavors to serve you."

Veiled Beauties.—The King of Bavaria is much averse to ladies wearing veils in the streets, and frequently stops those who have their veils down to adjust them artistically. The other day he was seen at Munich talking with three ladies in the street which bears his name, and in which he takes a daily walk, lifting up the veil of each one, and laying it on the top of her bonnet in a way suiting the artistic fancies of the patron of Schwanthaler and the friend of Thorwaldsen. He then let them proceed, and, of course, all let their veils down as soon as he was out of sight. It seems King Ludwig once exposed himself to the sight of a second Medusa's head. He lifted the veil of an old lady, looked at her face, and dropped it instantly, saying, "Madam, you are right."

In a certain English parish, a Quaker barber received the other day a note for church-rates, five shillings and six-pence. He called upon the clergyman of the parish, and said,

"Pray, friend, what dost thou mean by this note?"

"Mean! Why, it is for the church-rate; don't you see?"

"Yes, friend; but what is that for?"

"Why, for the repair of the church, and for the maintenance of public worship, to be sure."

"Well, friend, but what have I to do with that? I don't attend thy church."

"Oh, that don't signify; the church is always open, and it's your own fault if you don't come. Besides, it's the law, and you must pay."

"Well, friend, I take leave to tell thee that I think that a very unjust law that obliges me to pay a ministry and a religion which I don't attend. Fare thee well."

A few days afterward the barber, by way of straightening accounts with the parson, sent his reverence a note: "Debtor to Timothy Salters, for shaving and hair-cutting, five shillings and six-pence." The receipt of this note by the parson very quickly brought him to the shop, in no good humor either.

"What do you mean by sending me this bill? You never cut my hair nor shaved me in your life!"

"Nay, friend, but thou knowest my shop is always open, and it's thine own fault if thou dost not come to be shaved."

Sir James Mackintosh declared that the best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, who, when asked by a lady if he believed in them, replied, "No, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them."

The Glory of the Weed.—Said a man to a little boy, strutting up Broadway with his cigar, before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread-and-butter in your mouth than with a cigar." "I know it," said the urchin, "but it would not be half so glorious."

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," the latter replied; "I always shave myself!"

What Hurts the Horse.—"It is not the 'unting that 'urts the 'orse," said a philosophic hostler; "it's the 'ard 'ighway: it's the 'ammering, 'ammering, 'ammering over a 'ard 'ighway; it 'urts 'is 'cooves. When you're not going to 'unt, 'ire a 'ack and 'ammer along with 'im."

"Madam, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby."

"Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts."

Time *versus* Limbs.—"Coachman," said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate over one of the most mountainous roads in the north of England, "have you no consideration for our lives and limbs?" "What are your lives and limbs to me?" was the reply. "I am behind my time!"

Wouldn't tell a Lie for the Sake of a Pigeon.—The following dialogue is reported between two boys: "What do you think? my father, the other day, shot nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons with one barrel of his gun." "Oh, why didn't he say a thousand at once?" (Reply provokingly): "Do you suppose my father would tell a lie just for the sake of one pigeon?"

The Mayor's Nest.—There is a good anecdote told of Robbie Johnson, who, in the year 1769, was Provost of Dundee. His services being required on a certain occasion, a messenger was dispatched to his house, who, upon asking for the Provost, was told by the guidwife that he was "awa' to the whin hill for a pockfu' o' whins." Off scampered the gallant to the "whin hill," and soon the Provost appeared, and, throwing down his fagot, pulled off his bonnet, and wiping the sweat from his bald pate, said, "Janet, where's ma wig? I'm to sit in judgment the day." "Your wig?" quo' Janet; "did I ever hear sic a man! How can you get your wig? D'ye no ken the hen's laying in't?"

Degrees of Recovery.—A good story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms: "Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me." "I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it." "Pray explain yourself." "Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart;* and now I am *Mr*. Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished?—A-gate.

A bachelor geologist is acquainted with all rocks except "rock the cradle."

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

The Welsh Parson.—A friend was staying with a Welsh parson, and heard him preach in the afternoon.

"By Jove," said he, "there was good in your sermon. I didn't think you—ahem."

"It would be odd if there was not," said the preacher. "It was one of Bishop Butler's."

"Bishop Butler's, was it? Well, now, you surprise me. I have read Dr. Butler's sermons, and I did not recognize it."

"Oh," says the other, "you don't know how I manage. I have two services—one in Welsh, one in English. Well, I translate his sermons into Welsh to begin with, and thus I am safe; my Welsh flock don't read Butler. Then I take my Welsh and translate it into English, and after that the old boy himself would not know them again."

A Frenchman who had learned English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to a lady, whose dress was fawn-colored, and that of her daughter pink, "Madame," said he, "your daughter is the *pink* of beauty."

"Ah, Monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," said the lady.

"No, Madame, I only do speak the truth," said he, "and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the *pink*, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion!"

It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

A young, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked what she thought of "snuffing and smoking."—"Well," she replied, "snuffing is abominable; but I would like ma man to be a smoker."—"Why?" was immediately asked.—"Oh, because I see when ma father comes hame ever sae cross, as sune as he gets the pipe lightit and begins a blast he's a' pleased again."

Two Philosophical Riddles.—How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while sailing.—What is the centre of gravity? The letter V.

An epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra;* if only two, so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money:

"Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

Intelligence on the Road.—A gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was. The driver replied—"It is the Unitarian Church."—"Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?"—"I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*."

Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in preventing the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state.

"How horribly cold it was!" said the narrator.

"Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

An old gentleman went out to shoot partridges accompanied by his son. The gun was charged half-way up to the muzzle, and when at last the old gentleman started some birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see some fall, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Dick, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

Old Soaker. "Look here, old fellow, how's this? I thot strawberries were out of season! Make licker taste good, don't they?"

Bar Tender. "Strawberries: why there ain't any strawberries in yer glass; it's only the reflection of yer nose yer see in yer licker!"

Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation each should compliment the other, and every body belonging to him, in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words: "What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Wong." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Suchau." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

How Old are We To-day?—Two old ladies, known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one therefore used always upon a New-Year's Day to go to the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

A Warning to Shopkeepers.—It is said that in some parts of Turkey whenever a shopkeeper is convicted of telling a falsehood his house is at once painted black, to remain so for one month. If there was such a law in force in this country, what a sable and gloomy appearance some people's houses would present!

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

MR. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER, IN NEW YORK.

Every one has heard of Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, whose exploits in Europe created such a sensation. We have on several occasions illustrated Mr. Rarey's performances, and in No. 84, published August 7, 1858, we gave a full account of his method. Mr. Rarey is now in New York giving exhibitions. His first exhibition took place on January 5th at Niblo's.

The stage at Niblo's was converted for the time into a sort of stable-yard, strongly walled with boards on three sides, and with ropes toward the audience. Before Mr. Rarey made his appearance the famous horse Cruiser, who was trained in England by him, was introduced into this inclosure. Mr. Rarey then came forward and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have here to-day several subjects upon which I will endeavor to explain my system. When I went to England and exhibited there the papers all said, 'This is very well, but try Cruiser.' I immediately wrote to Lord Dorchester about the horse, and he replied that the horse could not be brought to me, but that I must come to him. I did go to him. The horse had not been out of his box for three years; a brick stable had to be built for him, and he would have been shot but he was the last of a race of splendid blood-horses, and his owner was anxious to preserve him if possible. I found that by his biting and kicking he had so injured himself that he could not be taken out of his box, and so I had to wait for his recovery. I went down to see him quietly and unknown, but somehow the papers got hold of it, and every body said that I dared not go near Cruiser. Under this I had to remain three weeks, and then I was able to take him to London. I will now show you Cruiser."

Cruiser is a large, bony horse, over sixteen hands high, and of immense bone and muscle. His color is a very dark bay, with white spots on the head and feet; he looks the English thoroughbred all over, and, with kind treatment, may prove a great acquisition in this country.

"There," said Mr. Rarey, exhibiting them, "are the collar and muzzle which Cruiser used to wear. They placed them upon him by letting a rope down through the roof of his stall, fastening it under his neck, and raising him off his fore feet. This is the first time he has been on the stage in this country. We have had no rehearsal; but instead of kicking, as he used, he will now (as you see) give me his foot like a gentleman."

Mr. Rarey and his subject walked several times round the inclosure, and finally came to a stand-still, when, taking a couple of leather straps from his pocket, Rarey said,

"These two straps are all that I used to tame this horse."

A moment, and one of the straps, dexterously placed upon the fore leg, reduced the quadruped to a triped. The second strap was as quickly looped around the other fore foot, and drawn through the belly-band. Cruiser took a step forward, Mr. Rarey pulled the second strap, and the animal was on his knees to his master, who fell beside him, and, rising, began pulling his head backward and forward. Up jumped Cruiser like mad, and quick as a flash Mr. Rarey crawled out of danger. Before the frightened stable boys could run away Rarey had his horse again at the footlights, and, pointing to a graze upon Cruiser's hip, said:

"In coming over the horse injured his hip, and is unusually restive and ill at ease. You see he will not allow himself to be dragged about. I have not laid hands on him before, except when I took him from his box, since we left the Crystal Palace, London. I will not detain you longer with him, as I have several other untamed horses ready."

The next horse introduced was a "hard and nervous puller"—an animal of the Messenger blood. By gently fondling his head and caressing him, Mr. Rarey succeeded in making him follow him round the arena. He led him by a straw. He then fastened a strap round his fore leg so as to make him limp on three legs, and finally kneel. When the second strap was attached, a struggle ensued, which ended in the horse lying down. Mr. Rarey sat on him, took off the straps, knocked the horse's feet together, rubbed them against his face, and lay with his head between the horse's heels. As he did this he said:

"I am just as sure that he will not kick me as that a stone will not of itself fly up and strike me. Why should he? He will not unless he gets angry, and I shall see that immediately. At my first exhibition before the Queen and Prince Albert, after experimenting with an unbroken colt and a very vicious horse, the riding-master asked if I would try a very nervous horse. I said certainly, but that I had already detained them over two hours. They asked me how long I should take. I said fifteen minutes. The Queen said she would give me half an hour, and the party would walk about till then. None of them then knew my system; so I went into the box where the horse was, and in less than fifteen minutes had the animal under control. When I showed it to the party all were astonished. Prince Albert, thinking that I used some powerful drug, asked if the horse had the use of its legs. I replied that no means had been used to deprive the animal of its faculties, and made the horse get up. Subsequently I performed before them four times. See, I place this horse's foot upon me. There is no danger. He would no more tread heavily upon me than a mare upon her foal."

The next subject was a wild horse from South America, which threw Mr. Rarey several times, plunging, rearing, and biting with every sign of rage and fury. On his leg, too, Mr. Rarey attached the fatal strap, and after a struggle of prolonged duration, he, too, was thrown, and Mr. Rarey was upon him. After rising up and sitting down again on the horse's back several times, in order to accustom the horse to the sensation, Mr. Rarey raised him up, and concluded his remarks on the animal's back. He said:

"It is entirely wrong to leap upon a horse's back and hold fast, no matter how frightened he may be. There is now a perfect understanding between us. All horses like me after this process. They all come to me gladly. This is the test of breaking: If they fly away from you, then know you have treated them badly; if they come to you, they know you are a friend."

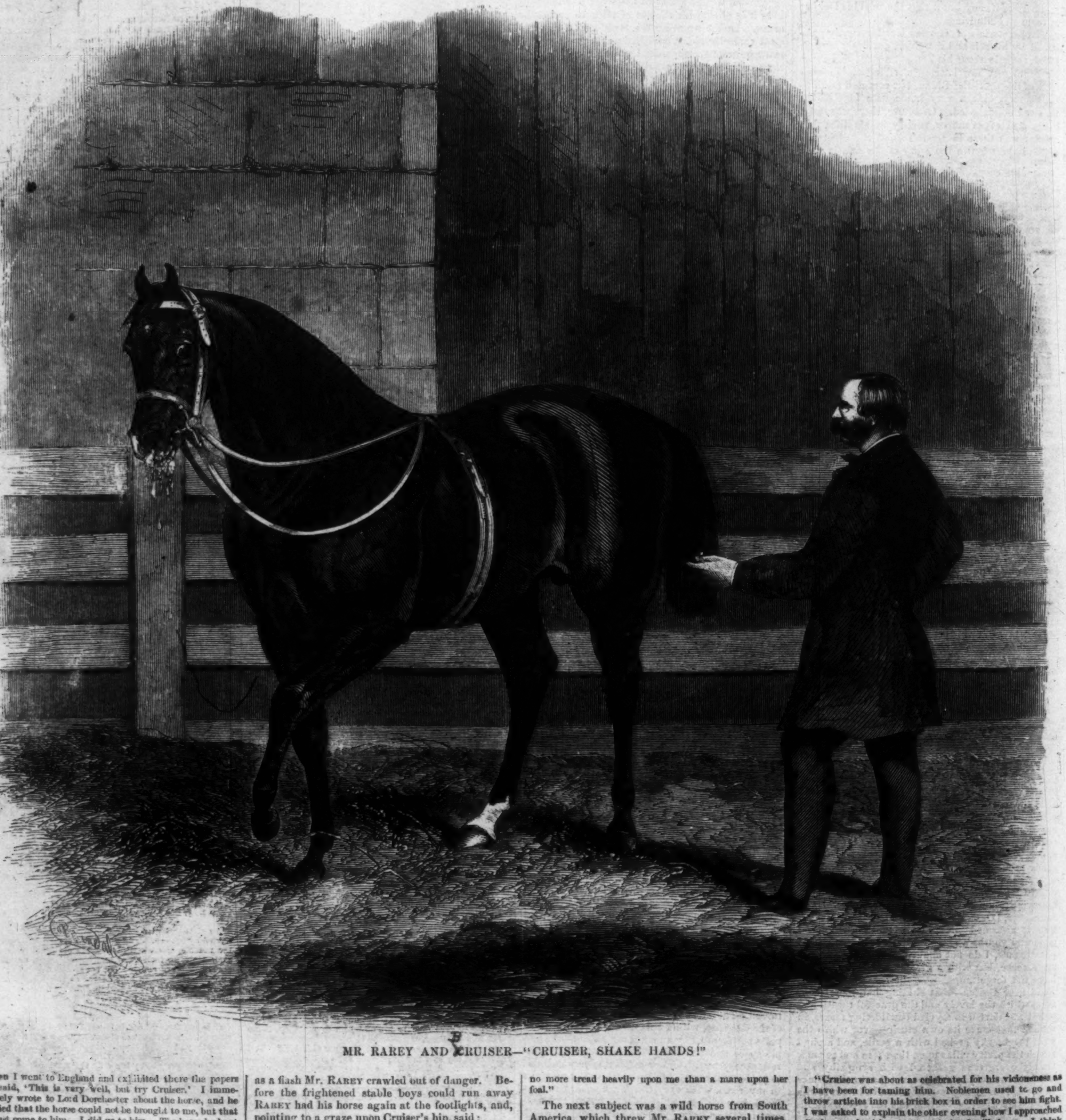
The last horse tested was a vicious stallion owned by Mr. Luff of Harlem Lane, and named "Jo Anderson." The struggle with this horse was brief but fierce, and he was down, and Mr. Rarey was on his back. He rose again after a few moments, and was again forced down. As he had the reputation of biting, Mr. Rarey struck his jaws together until the horse seemed to realize that they did not belong to him; then he put his arm in his mouth without accident. In closing the lecture Mr. Rarey said:

"I have never had an accident since I became perfect in my system, and I don't fear any. I have been among horses since I was twelve years old, and at first had a great many accidents. Every limb has been broken except my right arm; but being young when these accidents happened, the bones fortunately healed strongly. Now I know horses' every thought, and can break any animal, of whatever age and habits, in the world. I can make any animal sensible of my power—make them gentle and even affectionate."

On Tuesday Mr. Rarey gave another exhibition, and introduced Cruiser to the audience. He said:

"Cruiser was about as celebrated for his viciousness as I have been for taming him. Noblemen used to go and throw articles into his brick box in order to see him fight. I was asked to explain the other evening how I approached Cruiser, and with your permission I will do so. I think horses have a reason for every thing they do. I know if I approached Cruiser with a stick he would fight me, as he had fought others who came to whip him. In the box was a double door, so that I could open the upper half. I went quietly; opened the door noiselessly. Cruiser turned round, saw me, started back frightfully, but did not attempt to come at me. Cruiser came slowly up to smell of me after a while, and, in spite of Lord Dorchester's entreaties, I stood still. Presently, when I saw that he stood naturally, I began to fondle him. Lord Dorchester begged me to tie his head, and I did so, but you never saw such fighting. Finding that he would either kill himself or tear down the box I released him, and began all over again. After he allowed me to fondle him, I took him into the straw-yard, and proceeded as with any other horse, until at last he would let me take any liberty with him, and Lord Dorchester mounted him with impunity."

Cruiser then gave Mr. Rarey his foot, like a gentleman, and was then withdrawn; Mr. Rarey stat-



MR. RAREY AND CRUISER—"CRUISER, SHAKE HANDS!"

ing that he had had a little private conversation with the horse, and that it had begged him not to drag it about till its side was healed.

One of the horses of the Second Avenue Railroad was then sent in, with the following note:

"NEW YORK, *Jan.* 7, 1861.

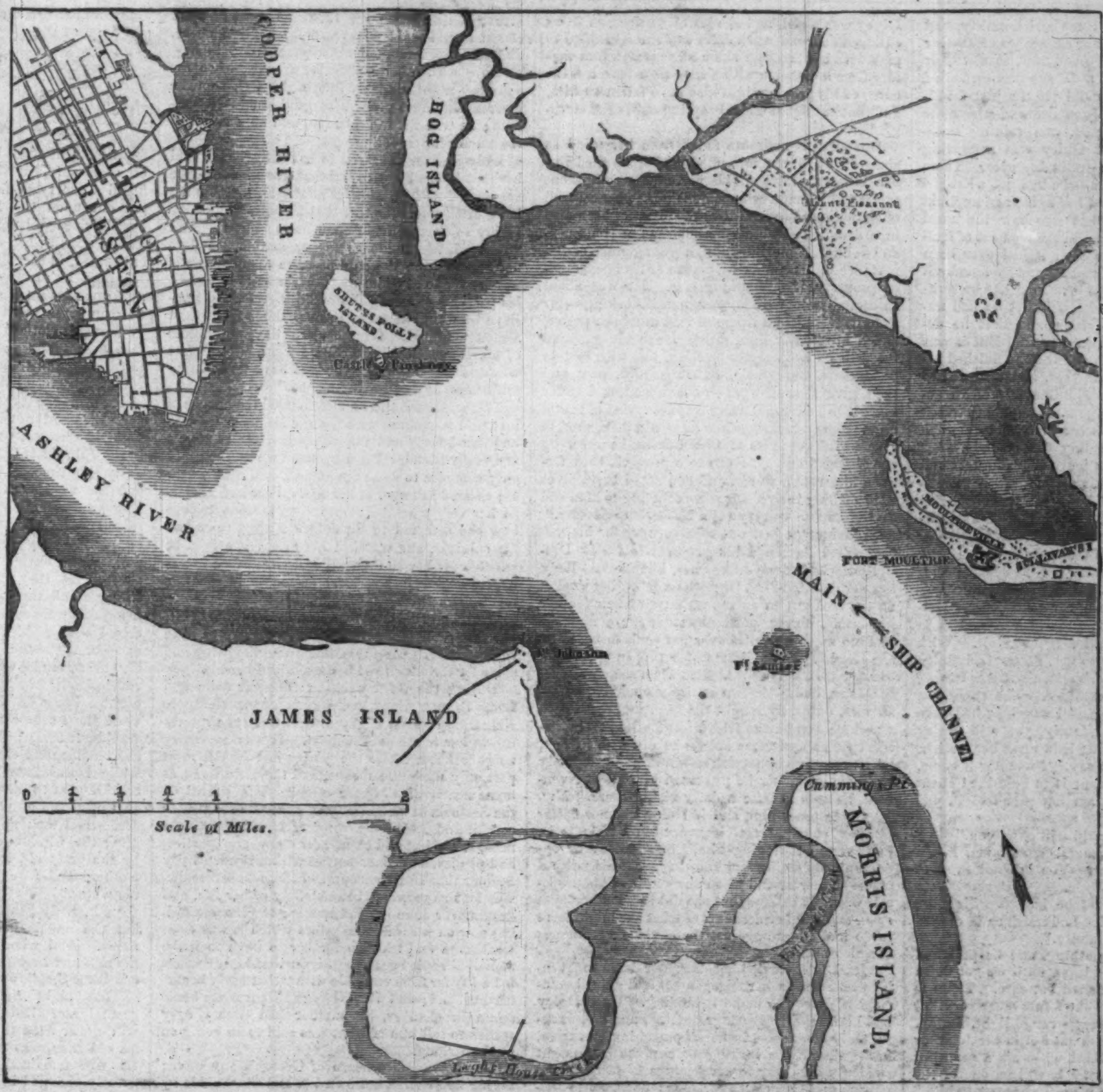
"MR. J. S. RAREY,—The mare I send you is a very bad kicker, and strikes with her fore feet. No one is able to go into her stable. She is very treacherous, and gives no warning. If you can tame her your system is good for any horse."

The *Herald* reporter thus describes how she was tamed:

"When the horse appeared upon the stage it was a tough-looking customer enough. A regular car-horse—thin, wiry, dirty, stubborn, vicious, evil-eyed. It has not been shod except with all its feet tied, and then with difficulty. Every time Rarey touched it the horse kicked most savagely. First one little strap was tied on, however, and then another. The horse fell easily, as it had been used to be thrown thus to be shod. But when the straps were taken off, and Rarey began his familiarities, however, then came the tug of war. It was kick and bite, soothe and fondle, get up and fall down, until at last the poor car-horse succumbed to kindness. Rarey's head lay between those formidable hoofs; Rarey's hand unloosed the bridle which had not been removed for months; Rarey played blacksmith, and hammered at the shoe without any difficulty, and curing the last bit of restlessness by turning the horse round and round a while. Rarey led off the subdued old equine hag with as much complacency as if biting and kicking had never been known. The owner sat beside our reporter, and his surprise—he knew the horse so well—only outran that of the audience."

On Thursday, 10th, Mr. Rarey experimented on Peacock, a very savage brute, which seems to possess every vice. The New York *Times* says of the experiment:

"The collar which he had round his neck had not been removed for a great length of time. He was a dangerous horse to look at, with a switch tail that seemed to bid defiance to the world. Mr. Rarey placed his hands upon him. The contest occupied some time, for Peacock possessed pluck as well as endurance, but at length he had to succumb."



MAP SHOWING THE FORTS, ISLANDS, ETC., OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LADY SEAMER'S ESCAPE.

A LOVE STORY.

MISS DULCY DIGBY had at last won what she had been begging and praying for all the days of her life—that is to say, all the days of her life since she was wise enough to realize her mother's theory—that it is the first duty of a poor, well-born, highly-educated young lady to marry a man of good family, of good fortune, and of any other good which nature might have made incidental to the bargain.

Sir John Seamer had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

It was in the drawing-room, after a state dinner party; and, when the momentous transaction was accomplished, the gentleman went over and talked to her mother. Dulcy stood leaning against the piano, turning over her music. Mr. George Milner approached her and spoke; she answered him confusedly, and with the tears in her eyes. Dulcy was not a lachrymose person, and what had occurred flashed upon him immediately.

Dulcy Digby and he had been great friends once upon a time (once upon a time was about four years ago), but George was even poorer then than now, and she was ambitious and did not use him well. He remembered the miserable pain she had made him suffer, and though he was radically cured of that wound, which had not even left a cicatrice, he had not forgiven her. He did not address her a second time, but turned away with a remorseful generosity. He had first loved and then hated her. When she would have amused her leisure with him again, he mortified her. Now he was indifferent; she had lost her power of fascinating him. If he had seen the man in the moon courting her he would not have cared.

The same can not be said for Dulcy. George was a generous, sensible, affectionate, lovable man—if he only could have gratified her grand desire. More's the pity, George could not. He could only give her a genuine love and admiration, a share of his younger son's moderate allowance, and a venture in his Bank of Hope. Dulcy preferred certainties and securities, and she refused him at her peril—refused him with much misgiving and reluctance, and a pain, the permanence of which she had yet to learn. She had a certain tenderness for George which his persistence might have blown up into a flame of devotion;

FORT JOHNSON, OPPOSITE FORT SUMTER, HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 40.]

but her suitor lacked patience and humility, and withdrew altogether. So her chance was lost—her best chance, as I view it. And now, season after season had slipped away, until she was turned of four-and-twenty, until, possibly in the just fulfillment of her destiny, Sir John Seamer, whom she neither loved nor respected, was talking confidentially to mamma, and Dulcy was answering George Milner with the tears in her eyes. There was no plea for those tears—she had got what she craved most. It behooved her to look triumphant and to feel triumphant, but somehow the mood would not come. Perhaps, in the moment of fruition, her heart was sorer than it had ever been since she refused George, and by-and-by found out that he had quite ceased to love her. As he turned away from her she perceived that he had understood her dignified position, and that he despised her for having attained to it. But it was too late to care for that now—Sir John finished his brief colloquy with her mother, and returned to her side with the assured, jubilant air of an accepted lover. Then George was tempted to watch her. He saw her smooth her brow and summon reluctant smiles; but finding the pastime, after all, rather dismal, he took leave of his hostess and walked away home, smoking a cigar. All sentimental reminiscences of Dulcy disappeared with the vapor, and when he reached his chambers he was his own man again completely.

After the great event of the evening Mrs. Digby could not be sorry to see her guests depart; and, by eleven o'clock, the house in Curzon Street was cleared of them all—even of Sir John Seamer himself—and Dulcy was shut up with her mamma in that pretty retirement called the boudoir. With a softness quite unusual to her, Dulcy had stolen one arm round her mother's waist, and was resting her brow against her shoulder. The confession had been made, the successful daughter had been kissed and blessed abundantly, yet still Dulcy kept that firm yet caressing hold upon her mother, as if she had yet more to say. Presently it came.

"Mamma, I do not want it to be talked about until quite the time; I am not proud of it, you know."

"My love, half the world will envy you."

"Let them! But remember, mamma, I will not hear it talked about. You are not even to tell Lady Milner."

"But, sweetest, it must be known. Sir John will speak of it himself. Lady Milner is one of the oldest friends of his family."

"I told him to say nothing, and he promised me he would not—not, at least, until we got down home again, and then I shall not care. There is nobody at Avenham to make a fuss and worry."

"You look at it in a very strange light, Dulcy. There is nothing to be ashamed of in Sir John, or in being mistress of Netherloup—such a beautiful romantic place! I am sure it will be one of the proudest days of my life when I give you to him."

Dulcy shuddered from head to foot. "I was sure you would wish it," said she, faintly.

"My dearest, I have always your good at heart. But come, you are feverish and excited; I shall see you into bed to-night myself, and to-morrow all will look gay and promising."

So Mrs. Digby led her daughter to her room, and performed for her tender motherly offices, such as she had never put her hand to since poor Dulcy was ill of the scarlet fever, and would let no one else touch her. She understood, in part, the girl's sudden revulsion of feeling; but she knew that it would wear off, and believed that it had better not be expressed. When Dulcy's head was on her pillow she received her maternal benedictions, and left her. As Dulcy was quite alone, and no spy peered into her chamber, we have no actual evidence that she passed half the night in miserable tears; but this is very probable, for she was unfit to appear at breakfast the next morning, and for two days nobody calling at the house saw her, not even Sir John Seamer.

When she reappeared, it was to find that her urgent plea for secrecy had not been respected, and to receive the congratulations of friends, envious, surprised, curious, and compassionate, with a serenity which struck nobody with so much wonder as it struck herself. Any little unreality which she had tried to retain about her fate was completely dissipated, and she saw her future very distinctly before her: Lady Seamer, of Netherloup, wife of Sir John Seamer, the wealthiest landowner in the county, a man passionately fond of her, likely to surround her with every luxury and indulgence her heart could desire, mentally and morally her inferior, but not evil-spoken of by his class, though not much looked up to either; a position many young women would have embraced with triumphant delight—which had often, in fact, been secretly coveted by herself. That was, when it was seen through the illusion of distance and improbability; nearer at hand, its colors were far more sombre than attractive.

She knew a good deal about Sir John Seamer, and she knew all the particulars of his disastrous family history, which people spoke low about when they spoke at all. Netherloup Hall was but three miles from Avenham, where she had been brought up by her mother, and in a country neighborhood, gossip—especially romantic gossip—is the current coin of domestic society. Dulcy liked to hear her nurse tell of the curse of the Seamers, who had driven the nuns from Netherloup centuries ago, and got wrongful possession of their estates, which had never brought them luck, but only murder, disgrace in battle, early death at home, or a driveling old age; and then the chronicler would prove her words by asking, with awful solemnity, who lives in the high-walled garden on the edge of the park, where nobody ever passed by from year's end to year's end?—who but Sir Reginald Seamer, who had been Bedlam-mad since his marriage almost—nay, some folks said before it? His one son had been cashiered from the army for cowardice, and was living obscurely somewhere abroad, and his grandson reigned with his frigid mother in the old hall alone. All this was happening when Dulcy Digby was a girl, and she heard whispers of it, as children do; and when John came to Avenham to play with her brothers, she used to watch him timidly from a distance with a suspicious fear, lest the curse of his people might also have fallen on him, and that he might suddenly spring at her and strangle her.

But all this nonsense faded from her mind as she grew up to womanhood. The high-walled garden lost its wretched prisoner, and a sumptuous tablet to his memory appeared on the chancel wall of Netherloup Church; then the disgraced son died in a drunken gambling-house brawl at Homburg, and John became Sir John, a young man of importance in his county by reason of his large landed property, if for nothing else. He was about three-and-twenty then, and not ill-looking—far from it. He had a frame of vast muscular power, and a broad, fair face, rather vacuously good-natured in its ordinary expression, but with certain indications, nevertheless, that he did, now and then, give himself over to the demon, and suffer himself to be carried away by paroxysms of brutal rage. The servants, when he was a boy, used to give awful accounts of him, but as he grew up open-handed and generous to a proverb, they forgave him rough words, and contented themselves with shaking their heads when alluding to him, and saying he was "every bit a Netherloup Seamer."

Sir John was just out of mourning for his mother when he made his proposal to Dulcy Digby. He had always liked her, but the late Lady Seamer detested Mrs. Digby as a scheming woman on the look-out to entrap an unwary heir for her handsome, clever, portionless daughter, and she had too much influence over her son's mind while she lived for him to dream of acting in opposition to her expressed desires. But when she was gone, Sir John, being thrown entirely on his own resources, naturally sought the society of those with whom he was on the friendliest footing. He disliked forms and ceremonies—he disliked, in fact, whatever gave him trouble—and finding a ready welcome whenever he presented himself at Avenham, he soon became a daily visitor there. Mrs. Digby flattered him, and if Dulcy did not flatter him too, she did something very much akin to it, in never discouraging him. She had every opportunity of seeing and knowing what his natural disposition was, and when she accepted his proposal, we must believe that she did so with her eyes open, and laid her accounts of what she might have to do and endure against the obvious advantages of a rich match.

Mrs. Digby carried her daughter down to Avenham as soon as her engagement had gained sufficient notoriety to make it binding. Until Dulcy had been repeatedly congratulated, and had as repeatedly acquiesced in her approaching elevation, her mother had a lurking distrust that she might suddenly give way to her feelings of fear and repulsion and break with Sir John; but George Milner did not cross her path any more: he had gone to do some mountaineering. There was a fuss of friends, and a fuss of ordering finery, and there were presents and a hundred things besides, to distract her attention, and about the middle of September, the proudest day of Mrs. Digby's life, arrived, and at Avenham Church, in the face of a crowded and respectable congregation and a small army of friends, she gave her daughter to Sir John Seamer of Netherloup, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, until death should them part.

There is something very solemn about a marriage, whether of love, of convenience, or of ambition—this came, I suppose, under the last head—but none of the young bridemaids, when they looked at Dulcy's white face and desperate expression, saw any thing to covet in the position she had won. George Milner was not present, he was still in Switzerland, but his mother, as one of the oldest friends of the family, was there in great pomp and splendor. The old lady said to more persons than one during the course of the day, that, ill as Dulcy had used her George, she was really sorry for her; but if a girl would marry for money rather than love, she deserved to look and feel wretched at least on her wedding-day.

Mrs. Digby remained at Avenham triumphant, while Sir John and his new wife went to Paris, and overran Italy; in short, performed the grand foreign bridal tour in the most orthodox way. In March they returned to England and came down straight to Netherloup Hall. Then began the series of calls of ceremony, and there were a hundred and one opinions as to how Lady Seamer looked, and a thousand and one speculations as to whether or no she was happy. But her mother was serene and satisfied, and confidently communicated to all her intimates that Sir John made the very best husband in the world; and people agreed to believe that Dulcy Digby's bargain had turned out better than might have been expected. When the London season arrived, Lady Seamer of Netherloup was generally allowed to be the flower of it; and George Milner, regarding her with wonder and admiration, said to himself what a consummate actress she was, and questioned whether the organization of the female sex was really provided with a heart, or only with a muscle of a plastic and a non-sensitive nature, which could adapt itself to every fate as readily as hers had done.

Lady Seamer had pride—she had also discretion, and she had that faculty, more peculiarly developed among women, of concealing what she would have been ashamed to make public, and of enduring in silence, and with a certain dignity, the private pangs which she could not get rid of. Sir John was sufficiently courteous to her in company, and he could not be exactly said to use her roughly at home; but his docility and affection as a husband did not fulfill the professions of his courting days. Like most weak persons he was suspicious, and suspicion developed in him a cunning watchfulness which soon discovered the signs of his wife's indifference to himself, and exaggerated them into a preference for somebody else.

He did not proclaim his doubts in so many words, but he put them into prompt action. It had been arranged that when the London season in town closed they should go abroad for a few months, and Lady Seamer had already settled points of meeting with other wandering friends, when Sir John one night suddenly informed her that on the morrow she must prepare to go down to Netherloup; he was tired of London, and he was not in the humor for traveling.

Lady Seamer ventured to ask why? He told her that it was his will, and that was enough. She acquiesced with a beautiful meekness, and it must have been a terrible fear that had brought Dulcy Digby to that point of submission: but she said afterward, in confidence to her mother, "I dare not oppose him; it would be more than my life is worth ever to say him nay; when he is in one of his passions he is capable of killing me, and I believe he would be no more responsible for it than a savage animal. O mother! the days and nights of horrible, sickening terrors I went through last winter I can never tell you! I have wished myself dead many and many a time."

This was what she had exchanged the chance of love and happiness with George Milner for! She had fine houses and fine equipages, costly jewels and many friends; but a husband whom she could only compare to a savage animal, and with whom she existed in terror of her life. Fear had rendered her very tractable; observing persons noticed how she deferred to Sir John's wishes, consulted his opinions, and watched his eye if it might be possible for her to forestall a desire before it was expressed; and thoughtful persons said she was much to be pitied, and her mother was much to be blamed, and they hoped no harm would come of it, but that really they should not at all like to be in Lady Seamer's place, even for twice the pomp and splendor for which she had sacrificed herself.

During the third week in June Sir John and Lady Seamer went down thus unexpectedly to Netherloup; Mrs. Digby at the same time returning to her house at Avenham. It was a country neighborhood, where the gentry had for the most part only moderate means, and therefore lived at home nearly all the year round. The arrival of the Seamers at Netherloup was therefore a gratification, and while the summer lasted they were made the object and excuse for strawberry-parties, and picnics, and water-parties without end. Lady Seamer thankfully encouraged these moderate dissipations as varying the monotony of her life, and keeping Sir John in good humor; the last depending now on a continuous effort which it was most wearisome and irksome for her to have to make alone. People began to whisper that Lady Seamer led a life far from enviable with "that surly brute" her husband; and when George Milner came home again in October, his mother had twenty ugly stories to tell him of what was said to be going on at Netherloup.

But it was no concern of George's any more; Dulcy had chosen her own lot, and must abide by it. He was a barrister, and, perhaps, the wrongs of miserable wives were no secret to him; he was very sorry, of course, but he had nothing more to say. Dulcy's brothers were angry with their mother for having encouraged the match, but obviously that could do no good; and as for a separation (which was suggested), there was no absolute cruelty to allege, even if Dulcy would have come forward to claim protection, which she would not; in fact, when questioned by any one except her mother, she systematically and obstinately denied that she had any ground of complaint against Sir John; but the servants' tongues were free to wag, and they wagged to a very different tune.

During the shooting season Netherloup was filled with constant relays of guests; and when the shooting season was over and the hunting begun, Sir John, who was an ardent sportsman, being busy, had less time to annoy his wife, which was fortunate; for during the month of December Lady Seamer gave birth to a son and heir, concerning whom there were all the ordinary rejoicings.

The winter months passed away to the middle of March without any outbreak from Sir John of more than average ferocity; but about that time George Milner came down into the country on a visit to his mother, in company with whom he called at Netherloup. Sir John was out; but the visitors saw Lady Seamer looking handsomer than ever, in gay spirits, and with as few signs as possible of being an ill-used wife. Lady Milner said it was all put on. She had seen Dulcy franticly miserable; but it was quite right of her to keep a veil over her wretchedness with the world in general; it did not mend matters to make them the gossip of the country-side.

For three weeks past there had been dry weather and a parching east wind, which was blowing keenly over the hills as Lady Milner and her son drove away from Netherloup. George looked back at the fine old mansion perched above the Nethercliff; below which roared and boiled the Loup, bounding from ridge to ridge of the rock, all white with foam and spray. Seen from the road, the house appeared in some parts almost to overhang the precipice, but there was in reality a terrace of some twenty feet in width between the walls and the cliff above the Loup; a very agile and sure-footed man could even descend to the bed of the torrent by clinging to the bushes and springing to projecting ledges on the face of the rock, but it was a very hazardous feat, and not one that was often attempted. The situation was picturesque in the highest degree, with its mingling of wood and water, gray cliff and green turf; but whether it was worth having at the price Dulcy had paid for it, George could not determine. That night, when Mrs. Digby was about to retire to bed, less at ease in her mind now than she used to be on those maxims of worldly wisdom in which she had trained her daughter, she put aside the curtain from the window to look out, as her custom was, toward Netherloup. It was full moon, and the bare outline of the hills was distinct, even the Netherloup hills, three miles away: and with a sigh, still tempered by a lurking hope that matters would grow more harmonious there by-and-by, she dropped the drapery and betook herself to her slumbers.

In the dead of the night she was awakened by a cry below her window, "Mamma, mamma!" and then the house-bell rang as if pulled by a terrified tremulous hand, and the agonized voice rose again, "Mamma, mamma!" Mrs. Digby thought for a moment that she was the victim of a horrible nightmare, but the ringing continued, and she heard a scurry of feet, and by the time she had got out upon the landing the door was being hastily opened below, and her old servant, who had lived with her ever since her own marriage, exclaimed, in accents of awe and amazement,

"Lord ha' mercy upon us, Miss Dulcy! but you must be stark staring mad to ha' run across the country a night like this, and nothing on but your night-clothes, and the blessed bairn, too! Goodness grant you ha' not both gotten your deaths!" And trembling as if she had the palsy, Mrs. Digby tottered down the stairs and received in her arms the form of her daughter, who hugged her vehemently, exclaiming,

"Oh, mamma, we are safe, we are safe!" in hysterical sobs of terror and thankfulness.

By this time all the household was assembled, and the women, in sympathetic sorrow, got the poor young mother and her child into a warm room and bathed her bleeding feet. The old nurse and Mrs. Digby listened to her spasmodic complaints and exclamations, and tried to quiet her as well as they could. Dreadful shivers ran through and through her frame, and sometimes her words were so wild that they thought she was seized with sudden frenzy; but they were true enough.

"He swore he would kill me," was one of these revelations; "he has said so often before; but to-night I know he meant he would, and I waited until the house was still, and then I thought I would get away; but he had fastened my door on the outside, and there was only the window, and while I was listening and thinking, I heard a crackling in the corridor, and the smoke began to curl in at the crevices, and there was a smell of fire. So I took up baby and put a blanket over him; the window opens easily, and I got down by the great old ivy bushes on the tower. Oh, mother! and I got down by the Loup and over the water."

"Eh, Lady Seamer, but that was a long step, but the angels helped you, surely!" cried her nurse. And where Lady Seamer escaped down the cliff and over the Loup is called "Lady Seamer's Long Step" to this day.

That night Netherloup was burned to the ground, and Sir John Seamers, whose mad act it was, never from that time, though he lived to be an old man, was safe to go at large any more. His wife remained at Avenham with her mother, greatly changed in character and temper by that terrible night's escape from a terrible death. Her child did not grow up, and the estates passed, on Sir John's death, to a distant branch of the Seamers, whom misfortune did not persecute with such deadly tenacity. They rebuilt the house, and one of the chief points of attraction to visitors is still to examine Lady Seamer's Long Step, and to marvel how she got down it. Some persons declare it to have been impossible; but tradition stands fast among the country people, who have added to it a feature of the supernatural, that "an angel, all in white, helped her."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 7, in the Senate, a petition was presented for a National Convention to meet in Philadelphia on 4th March. Memorials were presented in favor of submitting the Crittenden resolutions to the people. Senator Crittenden spoke on his compromise, and was followed by Senator Toombs, who made a war speech.——In the House, after brief speeches on compromise by Messrs. Cobb of Alabama and Etheridge of Tennessee, the General Appropriation Bill was passed with an amendment appropriating $135,000 for a national post-office. Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey, asked leave to offer a resolution approving of the bold and patriotic act of Major Anderson in evacuating Fort Moultrie and occupying Fort Sumter, and pledging the House to sustain the President in all Constitutional measures to enforce the laws and preserve the Union. After an ineffectual appeal to Mr. Adrain from Mr. Barrett, of Kentucky, for a withdrawal of the resolution, a vote was ordered on a motion to suspend the rules for its reception, and resulted 134 for and only 58 against suspension. The resolution was then put upon its passage, and received 124 votes, while only 53 were cast against it.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, the President's Message on the agitated condition of the country was read, and Senator Seward obtained the floor. He yielded to Senator Davis, who made some remarks on the South Carolina Commissioners' correspondence, and had their answer to the President read. Senator Crittenden's resolutions were postponed.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Howard, of Michigan, the Message was referred to a special committee of five, with power to investigate every thing pertaining to the present difficulties, and with liberty to send for persons and papers. There was strenuous opposition to the passage of this resolution, but it went through by a vote of 138 against 62. The House subsequently went into Committee of the Whole on the Civil and Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, but rose without definite action, and shortly afterward adjourned.

On Thursday, 10th, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, called up a resolution presented by him on Wednesday, censuring the President for appointing a Secretary of War *ad interim* without informing the Senate of his action. A vote was taken on its passage, and the result was 35 for and 17 against it. Senator Davis, of Mississippi, then proceeded to make a speech on the state of the Union. When he had concluded, a colloquial discussion took place between Senators Trumbull of Illinois, Davis of Mississippi, and Green of Missouri, relative to the recent action of South Carolina, the firing upon the *Star of the West*, and the subsequent action of Major Anderson. Senator Trumbull was very decided in his declaration that the Federal laws must be obeyed.——In the House, Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, made a personal explanation in reference to his connection with the Special Committee of Thirty-three, and declared his disappointment with the action of that committee. He despaired of any good being effected through their deliberations, but assured the House that if another week was allowed to elapse it would be too late for the introduction of any measure to save the Union. Various memorials and other papers relating to the national troubles were presented and laid on the table for the present, among them the resolutions of the New York Common Council, approving the conduct of Major Anderson and the determination of the President to enforce the laws. The House then proceeded to the consideration of District of Columbia business, but adjourned without effecting any thing.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, of Virginia, on the present condition of affairs in the country. He was followed by Senator Harlan, of Iowa.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, asked leave to offer a resolution recommending the President to confer temporarily upon General Scott the power of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, with a charge to see that the Republic receives no detriment. Objection was made, and no action was taken on it. The House, then, after the consideration of private bills, passed the Civil and Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, and adjourned.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

The Special Message of President Buchanan in reference to the present agitated condition of the country, and particularly regarding the recent action of South Carolina, was on 9th sent to Congress. The Message was prepared immediately on the departure of the South Carolina Commissioners from Washington, after their ineffectual endeavor to induce the Administration to surrender the fortifications in Charleston Harbor to the new State. The most important feature of the document is in reference to the execution of the Federal laws and the protection of the Federal property. The President says there is no alternative but to collect the revenue at Charleston, and to protect the public property as far as practicable under existing laws. The right and duty to use the military and naval forces against those who illegally assail the Government are clear and indisputable; but he considers the present state of things revolutionary, and beyond Executive control, and throws the whole responsibility of action in the emergency upon Congress, which alone has the power to declare war, or to remove a grievance which might lead to war. He therefore appeals to Congress to take some measures to preserve the Union, and suggests the restoration of the old 36° 30′ Compromise line as calculated to produce a good result. He alleges, as a reason for the delay in sending reinforcements to Major Anderson, that such an action would have furnished the pretext, if not the provocation, for aggression on the part of South Carolina, and at the same time admits that had Fort Moultrie been attacked Major Anderson could not have held possession more than sixty hours.

THE HOUSE PERILOUS COMMITTEE.

The House Special Committee of Thirty-three have closed their deliberations, and will probably soon be ready to report. The two propositions submitted by Mr. Dunn, of Indiana—that laws be passed to protect the States from armed invasion, and to secure the safety of citizens of the several States while traveling or sojourning in other States—were the last ones agreed to. The propositions which had been previously adopted, provided for the admission of New Mexico; for the amendment of the Fugitive Slave Law, by giving a trial by jury at the place of escape, and requesting Northern States to repeal the Personal Liberty Laws, and for such an amendment of the Constitution as will make it impossible ever hereafter to amend it so as to interfere with Slavery in the States.

THE TREASON COMMITTEE.

The select treason committee of the House has been named by the Speaker, as follows: Howard, of Michigan, Republican; Hickman, of Pennsylvania, Republican; Dawes, of Massachusetts, Republican; John Cochrane, of New York, Democrat; Branch, of North Carolina, Democrat.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS AND THE PRESIDENT.

The correspondence between the South Carolina Commissioners and President Buchanan appears in the papers. It consists of three letters, the first dated December 29, from the Commissioners to the President, in which they demand, as a preliminary to all negotiations, a disapproval by the President of the act of Major Anderson in seizing Fort Sumter; the second, dated December 30, from the President, in which, while admitting that Major Anderson acted without express orders, he yet refuses to repudiate the act; and the third, dated January 1, in which the Commissioners attempt to refute the allegations of the President's letter in which he justifies Major Anderson's conduct. This last letter the President returned to the Commissioners with the following indorsement on its back: "This paper, just presented to the President, is of such a character that he declines to receive it."

CABINET CHANGES.

Since our last several changes have been made in the Cabinet. Secretary Thompson, of the Interior, resigned on 8th; he has not been replaced. On 11th, Secretary Thomas resigned, and was succeeded by John A. Dix, of New York. Mr. Holt continues to act as Secretary of War.

WHY MR. THOMPSON RESIGNED.

The following correspondence has been published:

"WASHINGTON, *January* 8, 1861.

"SIR,—It is with extreme regret I have just learned that additional troops have been ordered to Charleston. This subject has been frequently discussed in Cabinet Council; and when, on Monday night, 31st December ultimo, the orders for reinforcements to Fort Sumter were countermanded, I distinctly understood from you that no order of the kind would be made without being previously considered and decided in Cabinet. It is true that on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet, but certainly no conclusion was reached, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements without something more than was then said. I learn, however, this morning, for the first time, that the steamer *Star of the West* sailed from New York last Saturday night with two hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant Bartlett, bound for Fort Sumter. Under these circumstances I feel myself bound to resign my commission, as one of your Constitutional advisers, into your hands. With high respect, your obedient servant,

"J. THOMPSON.

"His Excellency, JAMES BUCHANAN, President of the United States."

MR. BUCHANAN READILY ACCEPTS IT.

"WASHINGTON, *January* 9, 1861.

"SIR,—I have received and accepted your resignation, on yesterday, of the office of Secretary of the Interior.

"On Monday evening, 31st December, 1860, I suspended the orders which had been issued by the War and Navy Departments to send the *Brooklyn* with reinforcements to Fort Sumter. Of this I informed you on the same evening. I stated to you my reason for this suspension, which you knew, from its nature, would be speedily removed. In consequence of your request, however, I promised that these orders should not be renewed 'without being previously considered and decided in Cabinet.' This promise was faithfully observed on my part. In order to carry it into effect I called a special Cabinet meeting on Wednesday, 2d January, 1861, in which the question of sending reinforcements to Fort Sumter was amply discussed both by yourself and others. The decided majority of opinions was against you. At this moment the answer of the South Carolina 'Commissioners' to my communication to them of 31st December was received and read. It produced much indignation among the members of the Cabinet. After a further brief conversation I employed the following language: 'It is now all over, and reinforcements must be sent.' Judge Black said, at the moment of my decision, that after this letter the Cabinet would be unanimous, and I heard no dissenting voice. Indeed, the spirit and tone of the letter left no doubt on my mind that Fort Sumter would be immediately attacked, and hence the necessity of sending reinforcements there without delay.

"While you admit 'that on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet,' you say, 'but certainly no conclusion was reached, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements without something more than was then said.' You are certainly mistaken in alleging that 'no conclusion was reached.' In this your recollection is entirely different from that of your four oldest colleagues in the Cabinet. Indeed, my language was so unmistakable that the Secretaries of War and the Navy proceeded to act upon it without any further intercourse with myself than what you heard or might have heard me say. You had been so emphatic in opposing these reinforcements that I thought you would resign in consequence of my decision. I deeply regret that you have been mistaken in point of fact, though I firmly believe honestly mistaken. Still it is certain you have not the less been mistaken.

"Yours, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

"HON. JACOB THOMPSON."

SECESSION OF MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA, AND ALABAMA.

The Mississippi State Convention on 8th adopted an ordinance providing for immediate secession from the Union. Reports from Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, confirm this news. On 10th, Florida seceded by 62 to 7. On 11th, Alabama seceded by 61 to 39.

UNION ADDRESS OF THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.

Governor Hicks has published an address to the citizens of Maryland, giving his reasons for refusing to convene the Legislature. It fills two columns of the *American*, and abounds in the most emphatic Union sentiments. The following are extracts:

"I firmly believe that a division of this Government would inevitably produce civil war. The secession leaders in South Carolina, and the fanatical demagogues of the North, have alike proclaimed that such would be the result, and no man of sense, in my opinion, can question it. What could the Legislature do in this crisis, if convened, to remove the present troubles which beset the Union? We are told by the leading spirits of the South Carolina Convention, that neither the election of Mr. Lincoln nor the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave law, nor both combined, constitute their grievances. They declare that the real cause of their discontent dates as far back as 1833. Maryland, and every other State in the Union, with a united voice, then declared the cause insufficient to justify the course of South Carolina. Can it be that this people, who then unanimously supported the cause of General Jackson, will now yield their opinions at the bidding of modern Secessionists. I have been told that the position of Maryland should be defined, so that both sections can understand it. Do any really understand her position? Who that wishes to understand it can fail to do so? If the action of the Legislature would be simply to declare that Maryland is with the South in sympathy and feeling; that she demands from the North the repeal of offensive, unconstitutional statutes, and appeals to it for new guaranties; that she will wait reasonable time for the North to purge her statute books and to do justice to her Southern brethren, and if her appeals are vain, will make common cause with her sister border States in resistance to tyranny if need be, it would only be saying what the whole country well knows, and what may be said much more effectually by her people themselves in their meetings than by the Legislature chosen eighteen months since, when none of these questions were raised before them. That Maryland is a conservative Southern State all know who know any thing of her people or her history. The business and agricultural classes—planters, merchants, mechanics, and laboring men—those who have a real stake in the community, who would be forced to pay the taxes and do the fighting, are the persons who should be heard in preference to excited politicians, many of whom, having nothing to lose from the destruction of the Government, may hope to derive some gain from the ruin of the State. Such men will naturally urge you to pull down the pillars of this 'accursed Union,' which their allies at the North have denominated a 'covenant with hell.'

"The people of Maryland, if left to themselves, would decide, with scarcely an exception, that there is nothing in the present causes of complaint to justify immediate secession; and yet, against our judgments and solemn convictions of duty, we are to be precipitated into this revolution, because South Carolina thinks differently. Are we not equals? Or shall her opinions control our actions? After we have solemnly declared for ourselves, as every man must do, are we to be forced to yield our opinions to those of another State, and thus, in effect, obey her mandates? She refuses to wait for our counsels. Are we bound to obey her commands?

"The men who have embarked in this scheme to convene the Legislature will spare no pains to carry their point. The whole plan of operations in the event of the assembling of the Legislature is, as I have been informed, already marked out, the list of Embassadors who are to visit the other States is agreed on, and the resolutions which they hope will be passed by the Legislature, fully committing this State to secession, are said to be already prepared.

"In the course of nature I can not have long to live, and I fervently trust to be allowed to end my days a citizen of this glorious Union. But should I be compelled to witness the downfall of that Government inherited from our fathers, established, as it were, by the special favor of God, I will at least have the consolation, at my dying hour, that I neither by word or deed assisted in hastening its disruption. THOMAS H. HICKS."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message, alluding to the condition of the country, says: All see, know, and feel that danger is imminent, and all true patriots are exerting themselves to save us from impending perils. He renews his proposition in his last Message for a convention of all the States, and says: "It is monstrous to see a government like ours destroyed merely because men can not agree about a domestic institution. It becomes our State to be mindful of her own interests. Disruption is inevitable, and if confederations are to be formed we must have the best guarantees before we can attach Virginia to either." He condemns the hasty action of South Carolina, which has taken her Southern sisters by surprise. He would make no special reference to her course had he not been invited to do so by her late Executive in uncalled-for reference to Virginia. The non-slaveholding States are chargeable for the present condition of affairs, and if the Union is disrupted, upon them rest the solemn responsibility. He alludes at length to their aggressions, and says they have the power to end the strife and restore confidence. Will they do it? He awaits their response, not without apprehension. He says, "Our action should be based on the wrongs done our own people." He opposes a State Convention at this time, and suggests, "First: That a commission of two of the most discreet statesmen visit the Legislatures of the States which have passed Personal Liberty Bills, and insist on their unconditional repeal, except the New England States. Second: We must have proper and effective guarantees for the protection of slavery in the District of Columbia. Third: Our equality in the States and Territories must be fully recognized, and the rights of person and property adequately protected and secured; that we must be permitted to pass through the free States and Territories unmolested; and if a slave be abducted, the State where it is lost must pay its value. Fourth: Like guarantees that the transmission of slaves between the slaveholding States by land or water shall not be interfered with. Fifth: The passage and enforcement of right laws for the punishment of such persons in the free States as organize, or aid and abet in any mode whatsoever in organizing, companies with a view to assail the slaveholding States, and to incite the slaves to insurrection. Sixth: The general Government to be deprived of the power of appointing to local offices in the slaveholding States persons hostile to their institutions or inimical to their rights." The Governor further says he will regard the attempt of the Federal troops to pass across Virginia for the purpose of coercing a Southern State as an act of invasion which must be repelled. He is not without a hope that the present difficulties will find a satisfactory solution. Let New England and Western New York be sloughed off, and let them form an alliance with Canada."

SEIZURE OF FORTS AT THE SOUTH.

The Baton Rouge arsenal (Louisiana) was taken possession of by the State troops on 11th. All the fortifications are now in possession of the Louisiana troops. The United States arsenal at Baton Rouge, in command of Major Haskins and two companies, refused to surrender. The arsenal was surrounded by six hundred State troops, and a parley was held between Governor Moore and Major Haskins, which finally resulted in the surrender of the garrison. There was no opposition in taking the other forts.

The State of Georgia has seized Fort Pulaski, in the Savannah River.

A private dispatch to the *Courier* says that the Federal troops have abandoned all the forts in Pensacola harbor, except Fort Pickens, where they are concentrated, and that three hundred men have left Mobile to surprise Fort Pickens.

A telegram, dated Wilmington, North Carolina, January 10, says: Forts Johnson and Caswell were taken possession of on the night of the 8th by the Smithville Guard.

TOUCHING SCENE AT FORT SUMTER.

The Baltimore *American* has the following story: "One of the Baltimoreans who recently returned from Fort Sumter details an impressive incident that took place there on Major Anderson taking possession. It is known that the American flag brought away from Fort Moultrie was raised at Sumter precisely at noon on the 27th ultimo, but the incidents of that 'flag raising' have not been related. It was a scene that will be a memorable reminiscence in the lives of those who witnessed it. A short time before noon, Major Anderson assembled the whole of his little force, with the workmen employed on the fort, around the foot of the flag-staff. The national ensign was attached to the cord, and Major Anderson, holding the end of the lines in his hands, knelt reverently down. The officers, soldiers, and men clustered around, many of them on their knees, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The chaplain made an earnest prayer—such an appeal for support, encouragement, and mercy, as one would make who felt that 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As the earnest, solemn words of the speaker ceased, and the men responded Amen with a fervency that perhaps they had never before experienced, Major Anderson drew the 'Star Spangled Banner' up to the top of the staff, the band broke out with the national air of 'Hail Columbia,' and loud and exultant cheers, repeated again and again, were given by the officers, soldiers, and workmen. 'If,' said the narrator, 'South Carolina had at that moment attacked the fort, there would have been no hesitation upon the part of any man within it about defending that flag.'"

UNION MEETING AT BALTIMORE.

An immense Union meeting was held at Baltimore on Thursday night, at which the secessionists, who attempted to make a disturbance, were promptly hustled out, amidst cheers for the Union and for Major Anderson.

NEW YORK SPEAKING OUT.

Both branches of the New York State Legislature, on 11th, concurred in adopting a preamble and resolutions presented by Speaker Littlejohn, commending the recent Message of President Buchanan, tendering to him whatever aid in men and money he may require to enforce the laws, complimenting the Union-loving Representatives and citizens of the Border Slave States upon the patriotism and courage with which they stand by the Union, and requesting the Governor to send copies of the resolutions to the President and the Governors of all the States. In the Senate they were amended by declaring that treason exists in one or more States, and only Mr. Grant voted against them. In the Assembly there were 117 votes in favor of, and only 2—Messrs. Cozans and Varian—against them.

SUFFERING IN CHARLESTON.

According to a dispatch in the *Herald*, terrible suffering already exists at Charleston. The "troops who have volunteered and presented themselves for service are camped in unhealthy locations, and, in consequence of rain, swamps, and miasma, are suffering from disease. No vessels loading, no business doing, women weeping, and men overcome by sickness, and the city in the hands of a mob, is the bulletin travelers present of the condition of things at the present time."

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN ALABAMA.

A gentleman in Troy has received a private letter dated at Hayneville, Alabama, December 25, which says:

"Our people are greatly excited now on two subjects, the certain withdrawal of Alabama from the Union and negro insurrections. About twenty miles from here they have discovered a plot among the negroes, headed by a white man, or perhaps more than one, to rise on the 26th of this month and murder all the white folks they could find. The plot was providentially discovered, the white men arrested, and, after establishing their guilt beyond a doubt, they were hung up, together with five or six negroes. To-day I hear of another plot about thirty miles from here, in another direction. Three white men have been arrested and about thirty negroes—report says they will hang today. The white men are Northern men."

HORRIBLE MURDER BY SLAVES.

A dispatch from Baltimore confirms the report of the murder of Mr. Lucius Woodruff, in Northampton County, Virginia, on Monday last, by four of his slaves. The principal in the murder had escaped, but the other three were in custody. Great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood, and a determination was expressed to hang the negroes at once.

PRIVATEERING PROSPECTS.

The Charleston *Mercury*, at the close of an appeal to the Floridians to seize the defenses at Pensacola and Key West, threatens the seizure of the California treasure-ships by Southern privateers. We copy:

"To our friends in Florida we would respectfully pass a word. There are two powerful strong-holds and most important points of military offense and defense in Florida—Pensacola and Key West. The States both of Georgia and Alabama have wisely taken time by the forelock, and put themselves in possession of such fortresses as lie within their borders, simply because they do not choose that their territories should be occupied, their commerce cut off, and the lives of their people put in jeopardy by General Scott's or Mr. Buchanan's despotic theory of the powers and duties of the executive officer of a consolidated, vulgar mobocracy. They have chosen to ward off violence and outrage by a timely precaution. If any thing could tend to demonstrate to the executive at Washington the folly of attempting the blockading of Southern ports, it would be the late action of Georgia and Alabama in regard to their forts. Yet it is impossible to tell to what extremities folly and desperation may drive men. In this view, it is important for the people of Florida to reflect that there are, perhaps, no fortresses along our whole Southern coast more important than those of Florida. These forts can command the whole Gulf trade. And should Mr. Buchanan carry out what appears to be his present plan, he certainly must desire to hold possession of these forts. He may thus, with the assistance of war-steamers, block up the whole Gulf. But let Florida hold these forts, and the entire aspect of affairs is changed. Such vessels, in time of war, will have no port of entry, and must be supplied in every way from a very long distance, and that at sea; while the commerce of the North in the Gulf will fall an easy prey to our bold privateers; and California gold will pay all such little expenses on our part.

"We leave the matter for the reflection and decision of the people of Florida."

THE SUB-TREASURER AT CHARLESTON.

The War Department is in possession of information that the Governor of South Carolina has forbidden the United States Sub-Treasurer at Charleston paying the drafts of the Paymaster in favor of Major Anderson and his command, and the Sub-Treasurer has refused accordingly.

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.

A dispatch dated Springfield, Illinois, January 10, says: The *Journal* of to-morrow will contain an authorized announcement of Mr. Seward's acceptance of the Secretaryship of State. Mr. Lincoln received it by this morning's mail. The offer was made through Mr. Weed. The Republicans are in ecstasies.

My statement that Mr. Cameron received no appointment is correct to the letter.

Advices have reached here that Mr. Chase withdraws his definite declination of the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and that he will make his ultimate decision known after consultation with his friends.

The *Tribune* says that Winter Davis, of Maryland, has been offered a seat in the Cabinet.

NEW SENATORS.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has elected Edgar Cowan, Republican, of Westmoreland County, United States Senator, in place of Mr. Bigler, whose term expires on the 4th of March next.

Ex-Governor Morrill was on 9th elected to the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Hamlin, of Maine. The vote in the Senate was unanimous.

PERSONAL.

Captain Hartstein, of the navy, from South Carolina, has resigned, and will, it is said, embark his fortunes with the people of the Palmetto State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE NEW-YEAR'S DAY ADDRESS.

IT was hinted that the Emperor's address on New-Year's Day would be eminently pacific. The Nuncio being absent, the Russian Embassador will be spokesman for the *corps diplomatique*.

FRENCH OPINION ON SECESSION.

The *Journal des Débats*, speaking of the application of South Carolina to the Emperor of France, says: "There is no doubt but that the Southern States earnestly desire to secure the countenance of France; and what shall we do in this matter? We have already done far too much in aiding formerly the American States to obtain their independence. Louis XVI. was rewarded only with the ingratitude of the Americans, and the revolutionary contagion brought over by our officers was speedily inoculated throughout the whole of France. Can the nation which has abolished slavery in its colonies lend its assistance to these pseudo-republicans, who prefer a revolution to a mere examination as to whether there exists any means by which, in a near or distant future, the emancipation of blacks may be accomplished? These cotton-planters address the Emperor as the protector of nationalities. What, then, is the nationality oppressed at Charleston? We see only one oppression—that of four millions of Africans who are held in slavery. And shall we lend our strength to this *liberal* movement? We have no interest in doing so. The Slave States would not come any quicker to our assistance, while the Northern States would harbor toward us an inveterate rancor. Now these latter States are more numerous, rich, and populous than the future confederation of the South can ever be. It is the North principally which is the customer for our silks and articles of luxury, and which sends us its flour in exchange. Every mark of sympathy given by France to the Slave States would be followed by commercial reprisals by the Northern States, and tariff and custom-house duties would soon interfere with our products. Let us, therefore, remain neutral in regard to dissensions which do not affect us. Let us leave the Americans to weaken themselves by their quarrels, and show to the world the impotence of republican forms to found a solid and permanent government. This is the case, if ever, in which to apply the principle of nonintervention."

COUNT DE MORNY IN TROUBLE.

The connection of Count de Morny with financial speculations in mines, and the occurrences which had taken place in connection therewith, were attracting considerable attention in Paris. Cabinet councils had been held upon the subject, and it was thought that legislative inquiry would result.

ITALY.

THE SIEGE OF GAETA.

Reports relative to the state of affairs at Gaeta continue contradictory. A dispatch from Gaeta, of the 22d, says: The bombardment of the city is continued with vigor. The Spanish embassador left his palace on account of its being riddled with bullets. Two officers were struck while standing near the King. New Sardinian batteries can be seen, and are evidently ready to take part in the bombardment.

The garrison at Gaeta has been diminished in number, by the dismissal of a portion of the Royal Guard, whose fidelity was doubtful. The remaining defenders were in a deplorable state, but their resistance could be carried on still further for a considerable time.

THE CASE OF VENETIA.

The *Times* correspondent, at Vienna, is confident that nothing but brute force can induce the Austrian Government to quit the quadrilateral.

There was a report that England and France had come to an understanding with regard to Venetia, and that a joint Commission would shortly be sent to Vienna, urging the cession of Venetia without any territorial recompense.

CHINA.

THE TREATY OF TIEN-TSIN.

The treaty of Tien-tsin was ratified and the convention signed at Pekin, on the 24th of October, by Lord Elgin and Prince Kung. The same formalities were gone through with Baron Gros on the following day.

The indemnity to be paid by the Chinese has been fixed at eight million taels in all.

The following is a summary of the convention: In article 1 the Emperor regrets the misunderstanding at the Taku forts last year. Article 2 stipulates that a British Minister shall reside at Pekin. Article 3 arranges the payment of the indemnity by installments. Article 4 opens the port of Tien-tsin to trade. Article 5 removes the interdict on emigration. Article 6 cedes Cowloon to the British Crown. Article 7 provides for the immediate operation of the treaty of Tien-tsin. Article 8 orders the promulgation of the treaty throughout China. Article 9 stipulates for the evacuation of Chusan by the British force.

THE FATE OF THE PRISONERS, AND THE RETRIBUTION.

The fate of the entire party of prisoners taken September 18 has been ascertained. The death of Captain Brabazon occurred on the 1st, and he was saved much suffering that others underwent. He was beheaded by the order of a Tartar General. The Abbé De Luc was beheaded at the same time. It was resolved that the Summer Palace of the Emperor should be burned to the ground, as it was the spot where some of the cruelties toward the prisoners had been perpetrated. Proclamations were posted in Pekin informing the people of the measures that were to be taken, and the reasons for their adoption. The gardens, palaces, temples, and pagodas occupied a space of six or seven miles in extent. Two days were required effectually to set fire to and destroy all the buildings.

The loss on the property destroyed exceeded £2,000,000, exclusive of the buildings.

HOW PEACE WAS SIGNED.

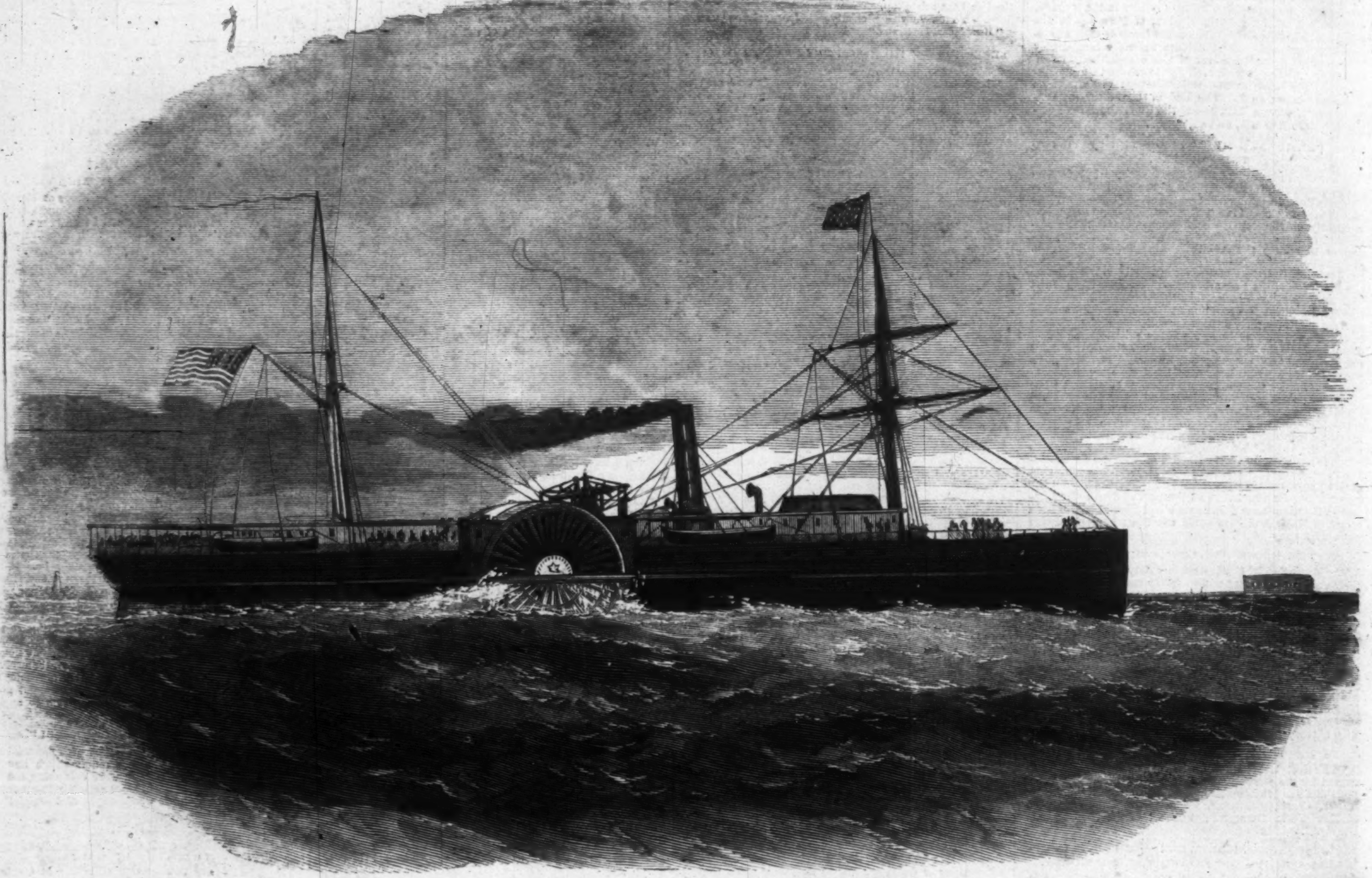
The Chinese were brought to terms on other points by proclamations from Sir Hope Grant, threatening to sack Pekin.

On the day peace was signed Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant entered Pekin, accompanied by an escort of 600 men and 100 officers of regiments. Lord Elgin was carried in his state chair by the Chinese, dressed in scarlet. Sir Robert Napier's division lined the streets as Lord Elgin passed, and followed at intervals, taking up a strategetical position in case of treachery. His Lordship was received by Prince Kung. Lord Elgin's manner was stern and calm. He motioned Kung to a seat on his right, which is considered the lowest seat. On the return of the Embassador and Commander-in-Chief the streets were occupied by the troops, so that the capital of the Chinese Empire was in actual possession of the British. Prince Kung said to Lord Elgin that many mistakes had been made in their intercourse with foreigners, but he hoped for a new state of things.

MEXICO.

COMPLETE VICTORY OF THE LIBERALS.

The Liberal forces, for some time past converging on the capital, encountered and routed the army of Miramon on the 22d ult., and the defeated chief was obliged forthwith to evacuate the city, which was entered without resistance by the Liberals on Christmas-Day. The triumph was believed to be complete, and Juarez, the Constitutional President, was to leave Vera Cruz for the capital on the 3d inst. So we trust the strife is at an end.



THE STEAMSHIP "STAR OF THE WEST."

THE FIRST OF THE WAR.

WE publish herewith pictures of the United States steam-sloop *Brooklyn*, of the steamship *Star of the West*, and of the steamship *Marion*, which three vessels figured so prominently in the movements of last week; and on page 37 we give a large plan of Charleston harbor, showing the forts, etc., together with a view of Fort Johnson. These pictures will enable our readers to realize what is going on in this most memorable contest of the present age.

On Wednesday morning, January 9, 1861, the first shots were fired At daybreak on that morning the steamship *Star of the West*, with 250 United States troops on board, attempted to enter the harbor of Charleston for the purpose of communicating with Fort Sumter. The people of Charleston had been warned of her coming and of her errand by telegraph. They determined to prevent her reaching Fort Sumter. Accordingly, as soon as she came within range, batteries on Morris Island and at Fort Moultrie opened on her. The first shot was fired across her bows; whereupon she increased her speed, and hoisted the stars and stripes. Other shots were then fired in rapid succession from Morris Island, two or more of which hulled the steamer, and compelled her to put about and go to sea. The accompanying picture shows the *Star of the West* as she entered Charleston harbor; the plan will explain the situation of the forts, and the position of the steamer when she was fired upon. The channel through which she passed runs close by Morris Island for some distance.

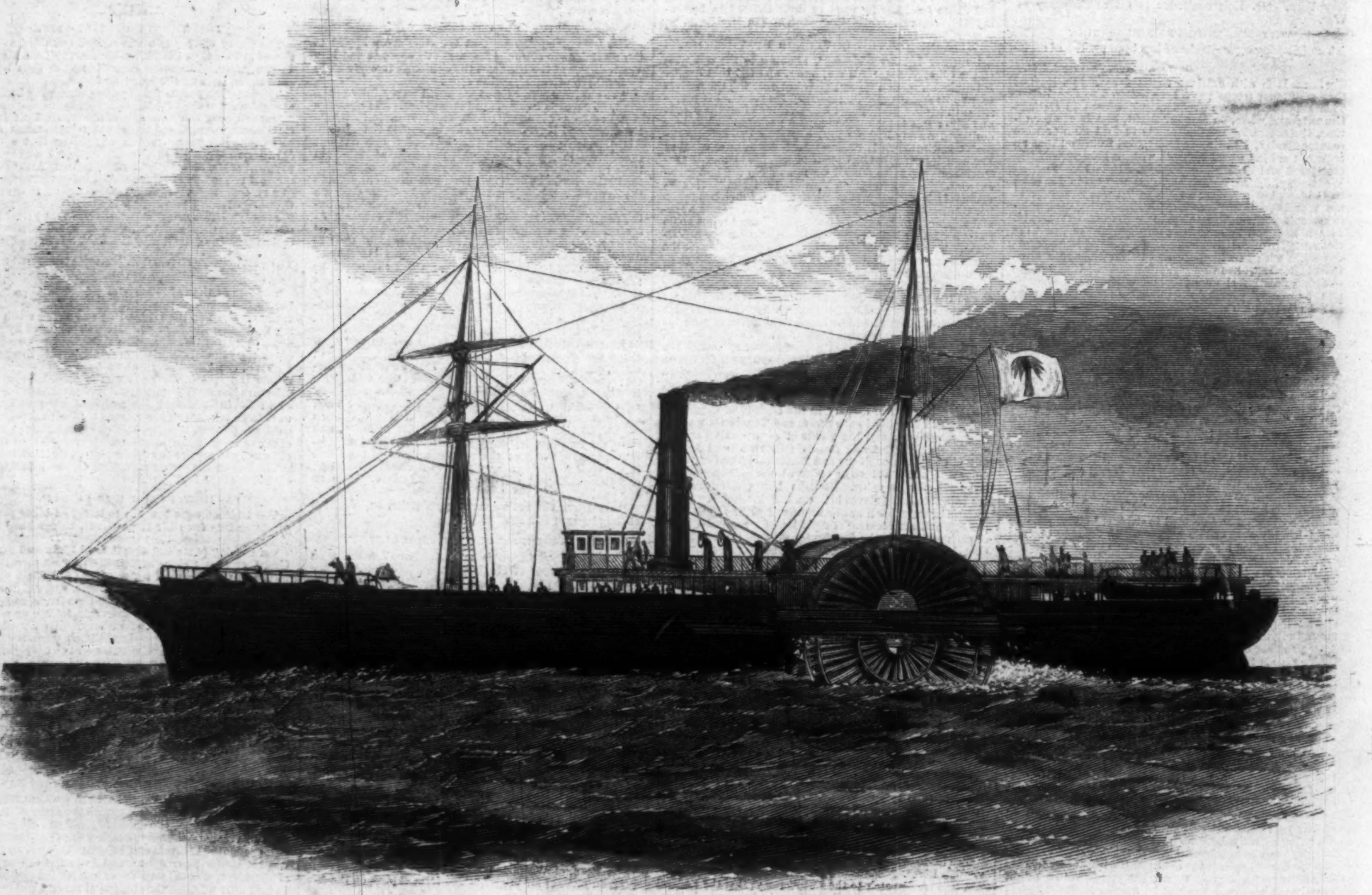
Fort Sumter made no demonstration, except at the port-holes, where guns were run out bearing on Morris Island.

About eleven o'clock A.M. on 9th a boat from Fort Sumter, bearing Lieutenant Hall with a white flag, approached the city. Lieutenant Hall had an interview with Governor Pickens, and was afterward escorted to his boat and re-embarked for Fort Sumter. The communication from Major Anderson was as follows:

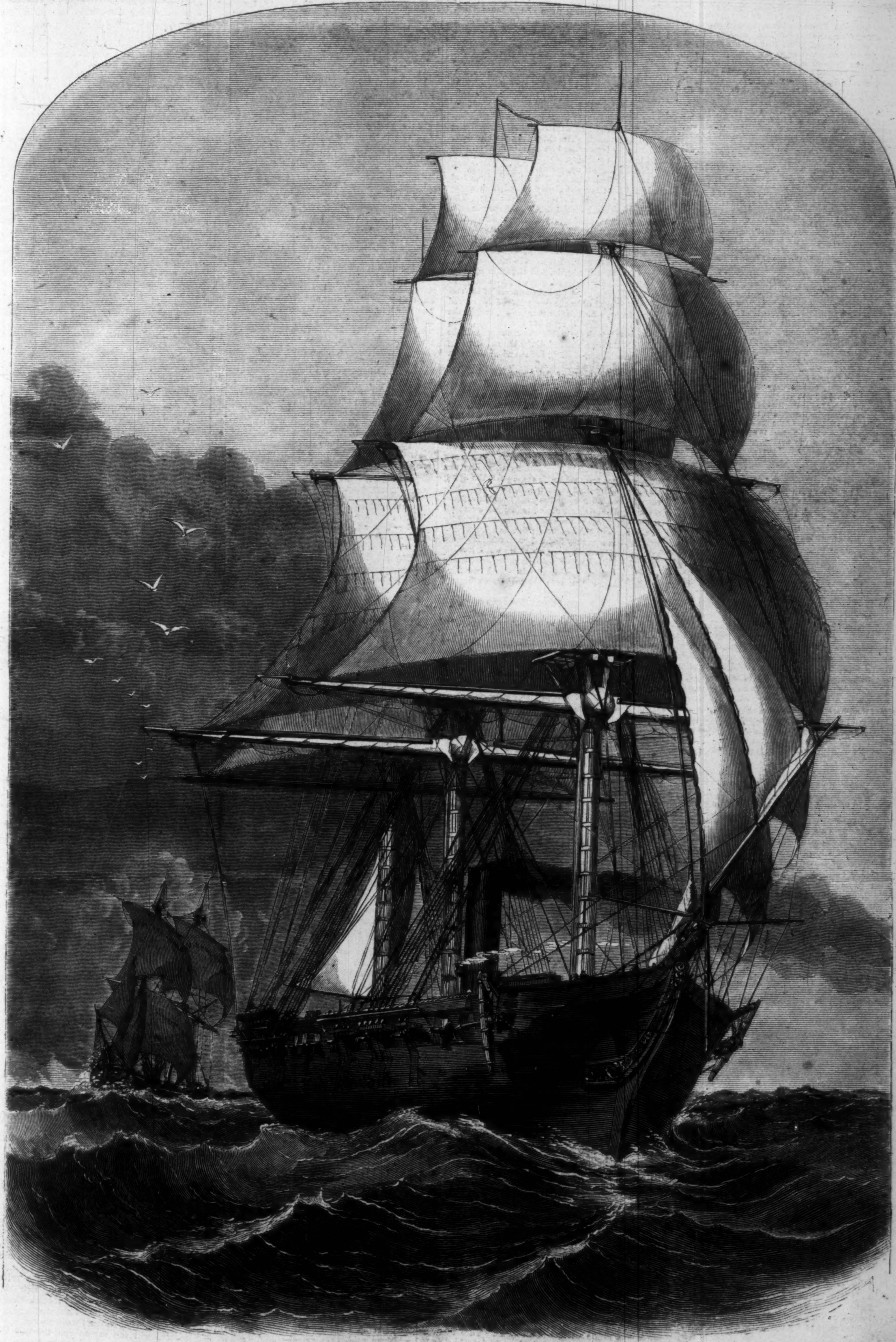
MAJOR ANDERSON TO GOVERNOR PICKENS.

"*To His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina:*

"SIR,—Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared by South Carolina against the United States, I can not but think this a hostile act, committed without your sanction



THE STEAMSHIP "MARION," SEIZED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA TO BE CONVERTED INTO A MAN-OF-WAR.



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

or authority. Under that hope I refrain from opening fire on your batteries. I have the honor, therefore, respectfully to ask whether the above-mentioned act—one which I believe without parallel in the history of our country or any other civilized government—was committed in obedience to your instructions, and notify you, if it is not disclaimed, that I regard it as an act of war, and I shall not, after reasonable time for the return of my messenger, permit any vessel to pass within the range of the guns of my fort.

"In order to save, as far as it is in my power, the shedding of blood, I beg you will take due notification of my decision for the good of all concerned. Hoping, however, your answer may justify a further continuance of forbearance on my part, I remain, respectfully,

"ROBERT ANDERSON."

"Governor Pickens, after stating the position of South Carolina to the United States, says that any attempt to send United States troops into Charleston harbor to reinforce the forts would be regarded as an act of hostility, and in conclusion adds that any attempt to reinforce the troops at Fort Sumter, or to retake and resume possession of the forts within the waters of South Carolina, which Major Anderson abandoned after spiking the cannon and doing other damages, can not be regarded by the authorities of the State as indicative of any other purpose than the coercion of the State by the armed force of the Government.

"Special agents, therefore, have been off the bar to warn approaching vessels, armed and unarmed, having troops to reinforce Fort Sumter aboard, not to enter the harbor. Special orders have been given the commanders at the forts not to fire on such vessels until a shot across their bows should warn them of the prohibition of the State. Under these circumstances the *Star of the West*, it is understood, this morning attempted to enter the harbor with troops, after having been notified she could not enter, and consequently she was fired into. The act is perfectly justified by me.

"In regard to your threat about vessels in the harbor, it is only necessary for me to say you must be the judge of your responsibility. Your position in the harbor has been tolerated by the authorities of the State, and while the act of which you complain is in perfect consistency with the rights and duties of the State, it is not perceived how far the conduct you propose to adopt can find a parallel in the history of any country, or be reconciled with any other purpose than that of your government imposing on the State the condition of a conquered province.

"F. W. PICKENS."

To His Excellency Governor Pickens:

"SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, and say that, under the circumstances, I have deemed it proper to refer the whole matter to my Government, and intend deferring the course I indicated in my note this morning until the arrival from Washington of such instructions as I may receive.

"I have the honor also to express the hope that no obstructions will be placed in the way, and that you will do me the favor of giving every facility for the departure and return of the bearer, Lieutenant T. Talbot, who is directed to make the journey. ROBERT ANDERSON."

Lieut. Talbot left Charlesten accordingly for Washington, without hinderance by the authorities.

The picture on page 37 will convey to the beholder some idea of the work known as Fort Johnson, on the nearest extremity of James Island to Fort Sumter. In the event of an attack upon that Fort from the shore, Fort Johnson would naturally be the principal point from which the attack would be made. At present it is hardly a fortified point, there being nothing but a barrack and a few store-houses to certify to its military character. But the Charleston papers state that men are busily engaged in throwing up earth-works and batteries there.

STEAMSHIP "MARION."

The steamship *Marion*, 800 tons burden, of the New York and Charleston line, was seized by the State authorities of South Carolina on 10th, to be converted into a vessel of war. She was built here by Jacob Bell, and was launched on February 3, 1851. At the time of her capture she was commanded by Captain Sam Whiting.

STEAMSHIP SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

The *Brooklyn* is at present hourly expected at Charleston, and may take an active part in any future contest at that point. She was launched at New York on the 27th of July, 1858, and took her place in the navy on the 1st of January, 1859. She is by far the largest sloop of war in our navy, or in the world, and carries the heaviest battery ever placed on the deck of any vessel of her class; yet she only draws 16 feet water. Her length on deck is 247 feet, breadth of beam 43 feet, depth of hold 21½ feet, being 2000 tons, government measurement; and is rated at 14 guns on the navy register, although pierced for 24 9-inch shell guns and two 10-inch pivot guns, the weight of each being nearly six tons. All the hatch and mast combings on this deck are of mahogany—a wood never before used for such a purpose in our navy. All the spare spars required, together with three boats, are carried upon a bridge amidships, elevated above the deck sufficiently high to walk under, which is an entirely new arrangement. By this improvement the space upon deck is kept clear and unobstructed for working the guns. Her entire complement is about 300 men. The captain's cabin occupies the space of 25 feet in length at the after end of this deck. The boilers are Martin's patent, now generally adopted in the naval service. Her propeller is of composition, 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and weighing 13,500 pounds. It is arranged for hoisting on deck when not needed, and can be taken out of water by means of a capstan, arranged for the purpose, in less than two minutes. She is sparred precisely like sailing vessels of similar tonnage in the merchant service, her screw being merely an auxiliary affair. Her speed is estimated at ten knots under steam.

A BRANCH FOR A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE mean stairs of the tenement-house rattled and creaked with the steps of late rioters; all the foot-worn boards sprung again with the tread of loutish men that stumbled through the damp, ill-lighted halls of the house No. 600 and odd Fourth Street.

With the cap of Fortunatus on I saw what I relate.

In one meagre, gaunt room of the house aforesaid sat, on a Christmas-Eve, a lady and a child. I knew she was such by her voice, manner, and gesture, in spite of the mean garb which covered her. She worked upon a sewing-machine. All the fittings of the room said poverty; for they were the remnants of a once fine suit of furniture. A handsome bureau and a cheap chair eyed each other askance; the chair with ill-concealed plebeian contempt frowned upon the bureau, and it with lofty indifference held itself high above its neighbor. Well might it, with the hidden treasure it carried in its case. The child sat upon the floor, with its tiny legs crossed outside its dress; in its hand it held a stocking.

"Shall I hang it up, mamma?" she asked.

I thought from where I stood that mamma had not heard her; but she slowly ceased from working, and the machine stopped its clicking. The little Yankee clock on the mantle, interpreting the child's thought, cried every second, "Be quick!" "Be quick!" "Be quick!"

"Shall you hang it up, my child? Yes, indeed you shall, though Heaven alone knows who will fill it. What indeed is left to us in life now?"

She fell into a reverie, and thoughts of other Christmas-Eves, past and gone, were running in her head. The child pulled the dress of its mother, and stirred upon the floor; its red lips moved convulsively, which the mother seeing, caught the baby up and rocked it upon her breast until it fell asleep. When she saw this was accomplished she put the child upon the bed, hung the red stocking to the mantle, and pinning her shawl on went out.

With the cap on I followed.

When the close air of the corridors was passed we came to the dismal street. It was dismal because of dirt, but riotous by reason of the anniversary of the dear Christ's birth. I thought, and the lady thought, that even the gas-lamps burned brighter and clearer. I know that the stars were shining more brilliantly than ever, and that the white beams they scintillated through the cold air were only the wands of angels, who are always near upon that night. Carefully threading our way, we went toward the Bowery. All the living tide of people parted on each side, and made windrows of humanity upon the walk; all their pockets were plethoric; all their baskets ran over; all the sweet virtues of the mortal heart shone vividly in the faces of the populace; for, as I knew, and the people knew, they had forgotten care, and were careless. Down the busy street we went, looking in each window where toys were for sale, where all the wondrous people of fairy-land had their abiding places. In some shops there were green trees with such rare store of fruit upon them of every kind that I looked about to see the trap-door, and the ring with the magician above; for surely we were in Aladdin's garden. Soon we stopped, and entered one of these little stores. The lady, after looking all about, purchased a doll and some confections, and cast a longing glance upon a toy-cradle. She put it down with a sigh, and was going away. There were many people in the store, and among others a tall gentleman with a fur collar to his cloak. He saw the look and action of my companion, and motioned the shopkeeper to give it her. She took it with a surprised look of gratitude, and left the store. I followed behind.

I should have known it was Christmas-Eve by this gentleman's action.

As we wended our way with swift steps homeward I heard the sound of feet pursuing us. The lady looked about and I also. We saw the Fur Collar coming down the street after us: when we stopped, he also stopped; as we loitered, he also loitered: his acts were the counterpart of ours. I had thought to doff my cap and render assistance if need be; but he never came any nearer, and we walked on. As we turned the last corner between us and the place where the child lay quietly sleeping we both looked back: in the bright starlight the Fur Collar was coming down the street at a swinging pace: affrighted, the lady bounded to the door, just to see the Fur Collar turn the corner and discover her retreat. What evil thoughts had he masked under his charitable action?

Then I pondered; can this be Christmas-Eve?

Panting and breathless the lady gained her room; she looked at the child, and I bent over her shoulder; it lay so softly in its rest, with one idle arm of ivory over its face to ward off the world and life, that I wished I too were a babe asleep upon Christmas-Eve. Afterward the lady took the sewing-machine and put it away in a corner; then the doll and sweetmeats were placed in the stocking and hung where the child's eyes would first fall upon them on waking; then going to the bureau she took from thence a miniature, and some worn and faded letters.

If I had been visible to mortal eyes then I should have been seen in a corner with folded arms and gathered brow closely watching. This was what the lady said:

"It is no harm to look upon your face now, dear Walter; it is no sin, since my husband is gone. Oh, why did you not come again from abroad, and take me to your heart as you promised?"

Why, indeed? I said to myself, and peeped over her shoulder. I saw a strong manly face, full of kind light in the eyes and altogether most noble-featured.

The lady reached and took up the letters with tender care—how old and how silent the room and the world were then! I thought I heard the beatings of her heart as it pulsed its flood through her ivory breast. I surely saw her bodice vibrate. All the fluttering leaves of the sacred epistles fell apart, and with their white lips told me her tale. I saw there the record of a sorrowful, disappointed life; I saw the accomplishment of an unequal and unhappy marriage, because without love; I saw the long, long days she watched and waited for the tarrying bridegroom; and, finally, the reluctant assent to the sacrifice of all hopes. Then I saw a gap in the volume and the burial of the husband; the surrendering of house and home to pay debts; and, finally, the cap of Fortunatus, which I wore, brought me back to the room where we were and the daily tenor of this lady's life.

"Twelve long years (she spoke again)—twelve long years, and no sign of him ever yet gladdened my heart." Then looked to where the child lay, and said, "This is not his."

The wells in her heart afforded such bounteous store of sensibility that they ran over at her eyes.

"What a change it is, and what a life I lead!" she spoke once more. "Who could have thought that in twelve short years these things could have come to pass?" I went to the window and looked out: the cap was not water-proof and betrayed *my* eyes. As I live I saw the Fur Collar in the street, pacing up and down, and glancing occasionally at the window. Still the woman sat in thought.

It was late at night, and the streets were silent, and the city dead and dumb. Alone in the wide world, we two kept watch and communion; then my companion turned and put away the letters and picture, and drew out the machine to work upon, but by the aid of the cap the task was completed. She looked at it amazedly. "I must have done it in a dream," she said, and would not be satisfied until it had been thoroughly pulled.

I looked out at the window again, but the streets were silent and no stragglers were abroad. "The Fur Collar has given it up and gone away," I said. The lady kneeled and made her devotions. In the Presence, which drew near, I removed for a little while the cap. As she arose I heard footsteps on the stair; they came nearer and nearer, and I thought were passing, but a hand knocked at the door for admittance. The lady started in fear—none were at hand to save her from danger: she hesitated, but, glancing at the child, mustered courage to approach the door and say,

"Who is there?"

There came the answer back, "A friend."

"I am alone, friend, and can not let you in. What do you wish?"

"To come in," said the friend.

At the sound of the voice she gave a start and made an effort to breathe: she unlocked the door instantly, her face as white as stone.

It was the Fur Collar with a domino on.

If the lady had had any vitality left she would have shrieked out, but all manner of contending emotions left her without power to do so. I prepared to take off the cap, but the Fur Collar had taken off his domino, and I saw the face of the portrait whom she had called Walter. She fell to fainting when he disclosed his face: he bent tenderly over and kissed her into animation. When she was alive he told her his life, and the reason of his not coming years ago to fulfill his word. He said that he had been cast away, and unable to reach his home until the present time; that he had escaped to California, and had made some money; that he knew of her marriage, and but for her situation would never have seen her again, and might have searched a long time but for the chance meeting in the toy-shop. Then the lady fell to upbraiding herself for her faithlessness in not keeping her vow; but the Fur Collar would have none of it. He told her she was forgiven, if she would now fulfill it.

The lady said she would.

The lady and the Fur Collar sat long in quiet talk afterward: they sat so long that I heard a cock crow, and saw the eye of day unclose in the east. I saw also the child awake and catch at its treasure with a ringing laugh.

Then I knew for a surety that Christmas had indeed come.

IN A SLOUGH ON THE PRAIRIE.

A BEAUTIFUL morning; a delicious breeze tempered the burning rays of a mid-summer sun; a boundless wilderness of prairie afforded a rich feast for the eye—which did not, however, satisfy the earnest protest of our breakfastless stomachs. Yet, under this undulating sea of brilliant-hued verdure lay concealed the treacherous sloughs.

"These sloughs," said Lanky, "make me think of a girl I once loved and wanted to marry, but—didn't. You see she was handsome, and knew it; had any quantity of lovers, but somehow allowed me to make an ass of myself by giving me to understand that I was *the* one. All at once she up and married another fellow, leaving me in a slough—ha, ha, ha! I wonder how I ever got out! Since that I never see a pretty woman without thinking of the poor devils she has left floundering in the slough of jilted lovers, and wishing that after Eve had eaten the apple the old Serpent had ended the trouble by swallowing her. Whoa! whoa!"

Rip! splash! bang! A shower of mud and water. The dash-board kicked into splinters; ditto the whiffle-trees. The horse rearing and plunging, sinking deeper and deeper into the soft, oozy, black mire. We had not turned to the right, and had thoughtlessly driven into the Big Slough!

"Gee! gee!" cried Lanky. "Turn around and drive back!"

Easier said than done. The struggling horse was down, and both thills broken short off. Lanky jumped, caught his foot in the reins, and fell flat upon his face in the soft mud. I was more successful. Seizing the horse by the bits, I have a very indistinct recollection of going through a series of gymnastic and equestrian performances never equaled by the champions of the saw-dust arena. I turned impossible somersaults, made miraculous leaps, stood upon my head one moment, lay upon my back the next, rolled over the horse, rolled under the horse, swung round his head like a whip-lash, my feet cutting down the tall grass in swaths equal to those made by a first-rate mower, and all this upon a carpet of mire wherein the horse at times sank almost out of sight.

At last I somehow reached dry land, still clinging to the bits, where I was joined by Lanky, who, as he scraped the mud from his face, hair, and whiskers, said,

"What the devil am I going to do? Mud from head to foot, and not a clean rag to put on! I'm in a pretty pickle! Look here! I've torn the seat clean out of my pants!"

"Never mind that now," said I. "Mount the horse, ride back to the cabin where we staid last night, and tell the old man to come here with his oxen and help us get out the wagon!"

Lanky galloped off instanter.

I waded back to the wagon, and sat down. I was too cross, wet, muddy, and hungry to think or care about any thing in particular. I only desired the speedy return of Lanky.

Sitting thus, and broiling, broiling in the hot, red-hot rays of the sun, a century (so it seemed) must have passed, when, greatly to my relief, a man, with horse and wagon, came in sight, bearing off toward the north upon the ridge we should have followed. Trot, trot, trotting along so nicely, I was envious of the traveler's good luck, and—down went the fore wheels of his wagon, snap went the axle, the horse sprang clear of the harness and ran off like the wind, the traveler turned a somersault over the dash-board, landing upon his head.

That traveler was undoubtedly astonished—I am sure I was; but no opportunity was given to express my feelings or go to his assistance. As I turned to jump from the wagon I saw two men, with a team, at a stand-still about a quarter of a mile to the south, shouting and gesticulating as though addressing an assemblage of their fellow-citizens upon the political issues of the day. They were in a bad predicament, in the middle of the Big Slough.

I shouted and waved my hat. They shouted and waved their hats. But alas! I could not understand them; they could not understand me. At length one of the men pulled off his boots and pantaloons, and commenced wading toward me. That man will ever have a distinct recollection of that quarter-mile heat. It was awful. At times sinking nearly to his waist, slipping here and falling there, he staggered up to the wagon, panting and blowing, muddy, bloody, reeking with perspiration—a most dismal-looking specimen of a man.

"I say, friend," gasped he, "I'm a hard-looking customer just now; but never mind the odds and luck too! We have had a sweet old time, t'other side of this slough. Had to leave our wagon—stuck fast! Got the horses on to a dry spot, and there we are! Can you help us any?"

I explained my situation to the man, and advised that we wait until the reinforcements came up. He assented; and we amused ourselves watching the other traveler, who had recovered from his astonishment, and was now "pegging" away over the prairie after his runaway horse.

Soon came Lanky with the old man and his oxen. We immediately commenced work—and such work! In three hours we were all out of the slough. As it was then late in the afternoon, we reluctantly concluded to favor the old man with our company for another night.

We were a sorry-looking assemblage. The poorest rag-picker would have turned up his nose at our clothing. Our faces, bodies, and hands were incrusted in black mud, which, having dried and cracked, gave us the appearance of a damaged lot of Congo negroes.

During the remainder of the day torn clothes, broken harnesses, fractured wagons, and mud furnished plenty of employment. We expatiated in glowing terms and vigorous language upon the beauties of a prairie country, especially in a wet season. At supper our potatoes were boiled in a kettle in which Lanky swore he had seen the old lady wash her feet, the night before. We ate them, however, with a keen relish. We were too hungry to be over-fastidious about *trifles*.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RESPECTABLE reader, there is no use in asking you if you have ever been in the Hotel of the "Balance," at Constance. Of course you have not. It is neither recorded in the book of John, nor otherwise known to fame. It is an obscure hostel, only visited by the very humblest wayfarers, and such poor offshoots of wretchedness as are fain to sleep on a truckle-bed and sup meanly. Väterchen, however, spoke of it in generous terms. There was a certain oniony soup he had tasted there years ago whose flavor had not yet left his memory. He had seen, besides, the most delicious schweine fleisch hanging up from the kitchen rafters; and it had been revealed to him in a dream that a solvent traveler might have rashers on demand.

Poor fellow! I had not the vaguest idea of the eloquence he possessed till he came to talk on these matters. From modest and distrustful, he grew assured and confident; his hesitation of speech was replaced by fluent utterance and a rich vocabulary; and he repeatedly declared that though the exterior was unprepossessing, and the service generally homely, there were substantial comforts obtainable which far surpassed the resources of more pretentious houses. "You are served on pewter, it is true," said he; "but pewter is a rare material to impart relish to a savory mess." Though we should dine in the kitchen, he gave me to understand that even in this there were advantages, and that the polite guest of the salon never knew what it was to taste that rich odor of the "roast," or that fragrant incense that steamed up from the luscious stew, and which were to cookery what bouquet was to wine.

"I will not say to you, honored Sir," continued he, "that in the mixed company which frequent such humble hearths there would be matter of interest or amusement; but to a man like myself these chance companionships are delightful. Here all are stragglers, all adventurers. Not a man that deposits his pack in the corner and draws in his chair to the circle but is a wanderer and a pilgrim of one sort or other." He drew me an amusing picture of one of these groups, wherein, even without telling his story, each gave such insight into his life and travels as to present a sort of drama.

Whether it was that my companion had drawn too freely on his imagination, or that we had fallen on an unfortunate moment, I can not say; but though we found the company at the Balance numerous and varied, there was none of the sociality I looked for, still less of that generous warmth and good greeting which he assured me was the courtesy of such places. The men were chiefly carriers, with their mule-teams and heavy wagons, bound for the Bavarian Tyrol. There was a sprinkling of Jew peddlers, on their way to the Vorarlberg; a deserter from the Austrian army, trying to get back to Hesse Cassel; and an Italian image carrier, with a green parrot and a well-filled purse, going back to finish his days at Lucca.

Now none of these were elements of a very exalted or exclusive rank; they were each and all of them taken from the very base of the social pyramid; and yet, would it be believed that they regarded our entrance among them as an act of rare impudence.

A more polished company might have been satisfied with averted heads or cold looks; these were less equivocal. One called out to the land lord to know if he expected any gipsies; another, affecting to treat us as solicitors for their patronage, said he had no batzen to bestow on buffoonery; a third suggested we should get up our theatricals under the cart-shed outside, and beat the drum when we were ready; and the deserter, a poor, weak-looking, mangy wretch, with a ragged fatigue-jacket and broken boots, put his arm round Catinka's waist, to draw her on his knee, for the which she dealt him such a slap on the face as fairly sent him on the floor, in which ignoble position Väterchen kicked him again and again. In an instant all were upon us. Carters, peddlers, and image man assailed us furiously. I suppose I beat somebody; I know that several beat *me.* The impression left upon me when all was over was of a sort of human kaleidoscope, where the people turned every way without ceasing. Now we seemed all on our feet, now on our heads, now on the floor, now in the air, Väterchen flying about like a demon, while Tintenfleck stood in a corner with a gleaming stiletto in her hand, saying something in Calabrian, which sounded like an invitation to come and be killed.

The police came at last; and after a noisy scene of accusation and denial, the weight of evidence went against us, and we were marched off to prison, poor old Väterchen crying like a child for all the disgrace and misery he had brought on his benefactor; and while he kissed my hand, swearing that a whole life's devotion would not be enough to recompense me for what he had been the means of inflicting on me, Catinka took it more easily, her chief regret apparently being that nobody came near enough to give her a chance with her knife, which she assured us she wielded with a notable skill, and could, with a jerk, send flying through a door, like a javelin, at full six paces' distance; nor, indeed, was it without considerable persuasion she could be induced to restore it to its sheath, which truth obliges me to own was inside her garter. Our prison, an old tower adjoining the lake, had been once the dungeon of John Huss, and the torture chamber, as it was still called, continued to be used for mild transgressors, such as we were. A small bribe induced the jailer's wife to take poor Tintenfleck for the night into her own quarters, and Väterchen and I were sole possessors of the gloomy old hall, which opened by a balcony, railed like a sort of cage, over the lake.

If the torture chamber had been denuded of its flesh pincers and thumb-screws, and the other ingenious devices of human cruelty, I am bound to own that its traditions as a place of suffering had not died out, as the fleas left nothing to be desired on the score of misery. Whether it was that they had been pinched by a long fast, or that we were more tender, cutaneously, than the aborigines, I know not, but I can safely aver that I never passed such a night, and sincerely trust that I may never pass such another. Though the air from the lake was cold and chilly, we preferred to crouch on the balcony to remaining within the walls, but even here our persecutors followed us.

Väterchen slept through it all; an occasional convulsive jerk would show, at times, when one of the enemy had chanced upon some nervous fibre; but, on the whole, he bore up like one used to such martyrdom, and able to brave it. As for me, when morning broke, I looked like a strong case of confluent small-pox, with the addition that my heavy eyelids nearly closed over my eyes, and my lips swelled out like a Caffre's. How that young minx Catinka laughed at me! All the old man's signs, warnings, menaces, were in vain; she screamed aloud with laughter, and never ceased, even as we were led into the tribunal and before the dread presence of the judge.

The judgment-seat was not imposing. It was a long, low, ill-lighted chamber, with a sort of raised counter at one end, behind which sat three elderly men, dressed like master sweeps—that is, of the old days of climbing-boys. The prisoners were confined in a thing like a fold, and there leaned against one end of the same pen as ourselves a square-built, thick-set man of about eight-and-forty, or fifty, dressed in a suit of coarse drab, and whose red whiskers and bluff face proclaimed to be English. He was being interrogated as we entered, but from his total ignorance of German the examination was not proceeding very glibly.

"You're an Englishman, ain't you?" cried he, as I came in. "You can speak High Dutch, perhaps?"

"I can speak German well enough to be intelligible, Sir."

"All right," said he, in the same free-and-easy tone. "Will you explain to those old beggars there that they're making fools of themselves. Here's how it is. My passport was made out for two; for Thomas Harpar, that's me, and Sam Reggis. Now, because Sam Reggis ain't here, they tell me I can't be suffered to proceed. Ain't that stupid? Did you ever hear the like of that for downright absurdity before?"

"But where is he?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because you're a countryman, but I don't like blackening an Englishman to one of those confounded foreigners. Reggis has run."

"What do you mean by 'run?'"

"I mean, cut his stick; gone clean away; and what's worse, too, carried off a stout bag of dollars with him that we had for our journey."

"Whither were you going?"

"That's neither here nor there, and don't concern you in any respect. What you've to do is, explain to the old cove yonder—the fellow in the middle is the worst of them—tell him it's all right, that I'm Harpar, and that the other ain't here; or look here, I'll tell you what's better, do you be Reggis, and it's all right."

I demurred flatly to this suggestion, but undertook to plead his cause on its true merits.

"And who are you, Sir, that presume to play the advocate here?" said the judge, haughtily. "I fancied that you stood there to answer a charge against yourself."

"That matter may be very speedily disposed of, Sir," said I, as proudly; "and you will be very fortunate if you succeed as readily in explaining your own illegal arrest of me to the higher court of your country."

With the eloquence which we are told essentially belongs to truth, I narrated how I had witnessed, as a mere passing traveler, the outrageous insult offered to these poor wanderers as they entered the inn. With the warm enthusiasm of one inspired by a good cause, I painted the whole incidents with really scarcely a touch of embellishment, reserving the only decorative portion to a description of myself, whom I mentioned as an agent of the British government, especially employed on a peculiar service, the confirmation of which I proudly established by my passport setting forth that I was a certain "Ponto, Chargé des Dépêches."

Now, if there be one feature of continental life fixed and immutable, it is this, that wherever the German language be spoken, the reverence for a government functionary is supreme. If you can only show on documentary evidence that you are grandson of the man who made the broom that swept out a government office, it is enough. You are from that hour regarded as one of the younger children of Bureaucracy. You are under the protection of the state, and though you be the smallest rivet in the machinery, there is no saying what mischief might not ensue if you were either lost or mislaid.

I saw in an instant the dread impression I had created, and I said, in a voice of careless insolence, "Go on, I beg of you; and send me back to prison; chain me; perhaps you would like to torture me? The government I represent is especially slow in vindicating the rights of its injured officials. It has a European reputation for long-suffering, patience, and forbearance. Yes, Englishmen can be impaled, burned, flayed alive, disemboweled. By all means, avail yourselves of your bland privileges; have me led out instantly to the scaffold, unless you prefer to have me broken on the wheel!"

"Will nobody stop him!" cried the president, almost choking with wrath.

"Stop me; I suspect not, Sir. It is by these declarations of mine, made thus openly, that my country will found that demand for reparation which will one day cost you so dearly. Lead on, I am ready for the block." And as I said this, I untied my cravat, and appeared to prepare for the headsman.

"If he will not cease, the court shall be dissolved," called out the judge.

"Never, Sir. Never, so long as I live, shall I surrender the glorious privilege of that freedom by which I assert my birth-right as a Briton."

"Well, you are as impudent a chap as ever I listened to," muttered my countryman at my side.

"The prisoners are dismissed, the court is adjourned," said the president, rising; and amidst a very disorderly crowd, not certainly enthusiastic in our favor, we were all hurried into the street.

"Come along down here," said Mr. Harpar. "I'm in a very tidy sort of place they call the Golden Pig. Come along, and bring the vagabonds, and let's have breakfast together."

I was hurt at the speech, but as my companions could not understand its coarseness, I accepted the invitation, and we followed him.

"Well, I ain't seen *your* like for many a day," said Harpar, as we went along. "If you'd have said the half of that to one of our beaks, I think I know where you'd be. But you seem to understand the fellows well. Mayhap you have lived much abroad?"

"A great deal. I am a sort of citizen of the world," said I, with a jaunty easiness.

"For a citizen of the world you appear to have strange tastes in your companionship. How did you come to foregather with these creatures?"

I tried the time-worn cant about seeing life in all its gradations—exploring the cabin as well as visiting the palace, and so on; but there was a rugged sort of incredulity in his manner that checked me, and I could not muster the glib readiness which usually stood by me on such occasions.

"You're not a man of fortune," said he, dryly, as I finished; "one sees that plainly enough. You're a fellow that should be earning his bread somehow; and the question is—Is this the kind of life you ought to be leading? What humbug it is to talk about knowing the world, and such like! The thing is, to know a trade, to understand some art, to be able to produce something, to manufacture something, to convert something to a useful purpose. When you've done, the knowledge of men will come later on, never be afraid of that. It's a school that we never miss one single day of our lives. But here we are; this is the Pig. Now, what will you have for breakfast? Ask the vagabonds, too, and tell them there's a wide choice here; they have every thing you can mention in this little inn."

An excellent breakfast was soon spread out before us, and though my humble companions did it the most ample justice, I sat there, thoughtful and almost sad. The words of that stranger rang in my ears like a reproach and a warning. I knew how truly he had said that I was not a man of fortune, and it grieved me sorely to think how easily he saw it. In my heart of hearts I knew it was the delusion I loved best. To appear to the world at large an eccentric man of good means, free to do what he liked and go where he would, was the highest enjoyment I had ever prepared for myself: and yet here was a coarse, commonplace sort of man—at least his manners were unpolished and his tone underbred—and he saw through it all at once.

I took the first opportunity to step away unobserved from the company, and retired to the little garden of the inn, to commune with myself and be alone. But ere I had been many minutes there, Harpar joined me. He came up smoking his cigar, with the lounging lazy air of a man at perfect leisure, and consequently quite free to be as disagreeable as he pleased.

"You went off without eating your breakfast," said he, bluntly. "I saw how it was. You didn't like *my* freedom with you. You fancied that I ought to have taken all that nonsense of yours about your rank and your way of life for gospel; or, at least, that I ought to have pretended to do so. That ain't my way. I hate humbug."

It was not very easy to reply good-humoredly to such a speech as this. Indeed, I saw no particular reason to treat this man's freedom with any indulgence, and drawing myself haughtily up, I prepared a very dry but caustic rejoinder.

"When I have learned two points," said I, "on which you can inform me, I may be better able to answer what you have said. The first is: By what possible right do you take to task a person that you never met in your life till now? and, secondly, What benefit on earth could it be to me to impose upon a man from whom I neither want nor expect any thing?"

"Easily met, both," said he, quickly. "I'm a practical sort of fellow, who never wastes time on useless materials; that's for your first proposition. Number two: you're a dreamer, and you hate being awakened."

"Well, Sir," said I, stiffly, "to a gentleman so remarkable for perspicuity, and who reads character at sight, ordinary intercourse must be wearisome. Will you excuse me if I take my leave of you here?"

"Of course, make no ceremony about it; go or stay, just as you like. I never cross any man's humor."

I muttered something that sounded like a dissent to that doctrine, and he quickly added, "I mean, further than speaking my mind, that's all; nothing more. If you had been a man of good means, and for a frolic thought it might be good fun to consort for a few days with rapscallions of a traveling circus, all one could say was, it wasn't very good taste; but being evidently a fellow of another stamp, a young man who ought to be in his father's shop or his uncle's counting-house, following some honest craft or calling—for *you*, I say, it was downright ruin."

"Indeed!" said I, with an accent of intense scorn.

"Yes," continued he, seriously, "downright ruin. There's a poison in the lazy, good-for-nothing life of these devils, that never leaves a man's blood. I've a notion that it wouldn't hurt a man's nature so much were he to consort with house-breakers; there's at least something real about these fellows."

"You talk, doubtless, with knowledge, Sir," said I, glad to say something that might offend him.

"I do," said he, seriously, and not taking the smallest account of the impertinent allusion. "I know that if a man hasn't a fixed calling, but is always turning his hand to this, that, and t'other, he will very soon cease to have any character whatsoever; he'll just become as shifty in his nature as in his business. I've seen scores of fellows wrecked on that rock, and I hadn't looked at you twice till I saw you were one of them."

"I must say, Sir," said I, summoning to my aid what I felt to be a most cutting sarcasm of manner—"I must say, Sir, that, considering how short has been the acquaintance which has subsisted between us, it would be extremely difficult for me to show how gratefully I feel the interest you have taken in me."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," said he, thoughtfully.

"May I ask, then, how?"

"Are you sure, first of all, that you wish to show this gratitude you speak of?"

"Oh, Sir, can you possibly doubt it?"

"I don't want to doubt it, I want to profit by it."

I made a bland bow that might mean any thing, but did not speak.

"There's the way of it," said he, boldly. "Reggis has run off with all my loose cash, and though there's money waiting for me at certain places, I shall find it very difficult to reach them. I have come down here on foot from Wildbad, and I can make my way, in the same fashion, to Marseilles or Genoa; but then comes the difficulty, and I shall need about ten pounds to get to Malta. Could you lend me ten pounds?"

"Really, Sir," said I, coolly, "I am amazed at the innocence with which you can make such a demand on the man whom you have, only a few minutes back, so acutely depicted as an adventurer."

"It was for that very reason I thought of applying to you. Had you been a young fellow of a certain fortune, you'd have naturally been a stranger to the accidents which now and then leave men penniless in out-of-the way places, and it's just as likely that the first thought in your head would be, 'Oh, he's a swindler. Why hasn't he his letters of credit or his circular notes?' But, being exactly what I take you for, the chances are you'll say: 'What has befallen *him* to-day may chance to *me* to-morrow. Who can tell the day and the hour some mishap may not overtake him? and so I'll just help him through it.'"

"And that was your calculation?"

"That was my calculation."

"How sorry I feel to wound the marvelous gift you seem to possess of interpreting character! I am really shocked to think that for this time, at least, your acuteness is at fault."

"Which means that you'll not do it?"

I smiled a benign assent.

He looked at me for a minute or more with a sort of blank incredulity, and then, crossing his arms on his breast, moved slowly down the walk without speaking.

I can not say how I detested this man; he had offended me in the very sorest part of all my nature; he had wounded the nicest susceptibility I possessed; of the pleasant fancies wherewith I loved to clothe myself he would not leave me enough to cover my nakedness; and yet, now that I had resented his cool impertinence, I hated myself far more than I hated him. Dignity and sarcasm, forsooth! What a fine opportunity to display them, truly! The man might be rude and underbred; he *was* rude and underbred; and was that any justification for *my* conduct toward him? Why had I not had the candor to say, "Here's all I possess in the world; you see yourself that I can not lend you ten pounds." How I wished I had said that; and how I wished, even more ardently still, that I had never met him, never interchanged speech with him!

"And why is it that I am offended with him—simply because he has discovered that I am Potts?" Now, these reflections were all the more bitter, since it was only twenty-four hours before that I had resolved to throw off delusion either of myself or others; that I would take my place in the ranks, and fight out my battle of life, a mere soldier. For this it was that I made companionship with Väterchen, walking the high road with that poor old man of motley, and actually speculating—in a sort of artistic way—whether I should not make love to Tintenfleck! And if I were sincere in all this, how should I feel wounded by the honest candor of that plain-spoken fellow? He wanted a favor at my hands: he owned this; and yet, instead of approaching me with flattery, he at once assails the very stronghold of my self-esteem, and says, "No humbug, Potts; at least, none with *me!*" He opens acquaintance with me on that masonic principle by which the brotherhood of Poverty is maintained throughout all lands and all peoples, and whose great maxim is, "He who lends to the poor man borrows from the ragged man."

"I'll go after him at once," said I, aloud. "I'll have more talk with him. I'm much mistaken if there's not great stuff in that rugged nature."

When I re-entered the little inn I found Väterchen fast asleep; he had finished off my decanter on the table, and lay breathing stentoriously, and giving a long-drawn whistle in his snore, that smacked almost of apoplexy. Tintenfleck was singing to her guitar before a select audience of the inn servants, and Harpar was gone!

I gave the girl a glance of rebuke and displeasure. I aroused the old man with a kick, and imperiously demanded my bill.

"The bill has been paid by the other stranger," said the landlord; "he has settled every thing, and left a 'trenkgeld' for the servants, so that you have nothing to pay."

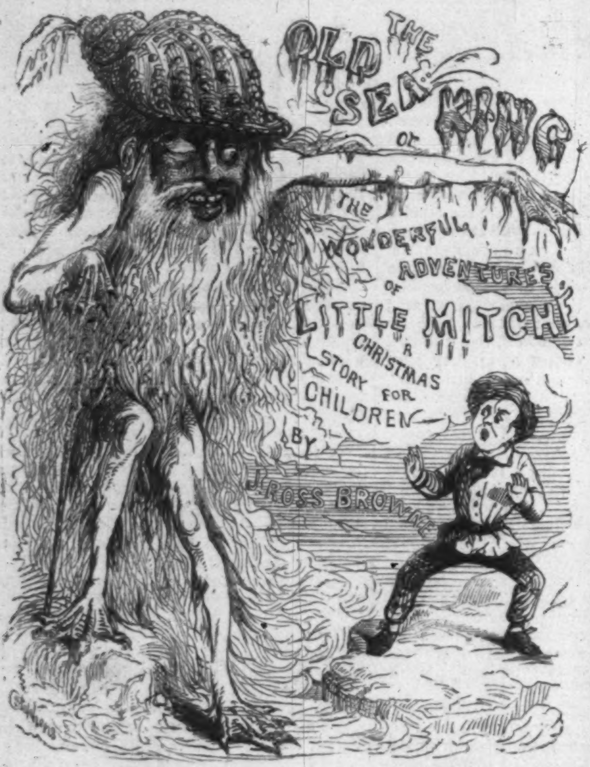
I could have almost cried with spite as I heard these words. It would have been a rare solace to my feelings if I could have put that man down for a rogue, and then been able to say to myself how cleverly I had escaped the snares of a swindler. But to know now that he was not only honest but liberal, and to think, besides, that I had been his guest—eaten of his salt—it was more than I well could endure.

"Which way did he take?" asked I.

"Round the head of the lake for Lindau. I told him that the steamer would take him there to-morrow for a trifle, but he would not wait."

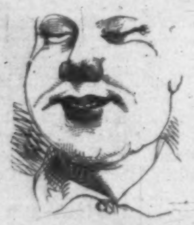
"Ah me!" sighed Väterchen, but half awake, and with one eye still closed, "and we are going to St. Gallen."

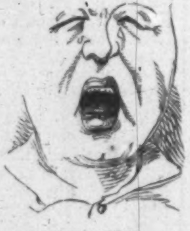
"Who said so?" cried I, imperiously. "We are going to Lindau; at least, if I be the person who gives orders here. Follow!" And as I spoke I marched proudly on, while a slipshod, shuffling noise of feet, and a low, half-smothered sob, told me that they were coming after me.


THE OLD SEA KING
OR
THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LITTLE MITCHÉ
A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN
BY
J. ROSS BROWNE

PART I.

A LITTLE boy strayed away from home on a bright morning in December, and wandered down by the sea-shore. This happened in California, where many other wonderful things happen; though people are not generally aware that little boys stray from home and wander by the sea-shore in so new a country. It must be admitted, however, that this was a very remarkable little boy. He was about six years of age, and had a very large head and a very small pair of legs. The corners of his mouth, and the corners of his eyes, and the end of his nose all turned up at the same time, except when he cried, which sometimes happened, and then they all turned down at the same time. The toes of his shoes were always kicked out against little pebbles and stumps, on account of a propensity this little boy had for trying what every thing was made of; and the knees of his trowsers and elbows of his jacket seemed always to be burst wide open laughing at his bare toes, because they looked so much like little new potatoes just dug out of the ground. What was still more remarkable, no matter how many new hats were put on his head, his hair grew so straight up in the middle that it generally found out a way of getting through the crown, and looking about in every direction as if in search of another hat. All of which resulted, no doubt, from the wonderful genius of this little boy.


MITCHÉ NOT CRYING.


MITCHÉ CRYING

As he was walking by the sea-shore, on that pleasant morning when he strayed away from home, he observed that the sun was bright and warm, and the sea looked as smooth as glass. Said he to himself, smiling pleasantly at the idea, "Oh, if I had every thing I wish for, how happy I would be!" A very unreasonable wish, as you must admit; for our little friend had kind parents, and brothers and sisters, and every thing in the world that any reasonable boy of his age ought to have. Just as he repeated this indiscreet wish a voice, apparently from under the rocks, called out to him, "Halloo! my little friend, tell me your name, and I will give you whatever you wish for." It was the old King of the Sea that spoke. The little boy was startled, and no wonder, for at the same moment he heard a splashing in the water, and up rose the oddest figure imaginable. It was that of a very old man, all covered with sea-weeds, and the salt brine dripping from his beard, arms, and legs. On his head was a crown made of a large conch-shell. All the rest of his costume consisted of variegated sea-weeds, which seemed to grow on him naturally, just as they grow upon the rocks along the sea-shore. The face of the old Sea-King was wrinkled, partly by age and partly by exposure to bad weather. His nose was very long, and he had only one eye, which seemed to be made of an oyster-shell with a shining pebble fastened in the middle of it. I am unable to say what happened to the other eye, but imagine he must have struck it against a sharp rock one dark night when he was diving down in search of a star-fish.

Although the little boy was naturally startled when he saw this odd figure standing before him on the rocks, he promptly answered, "My name, Sir, is Mitché!"

"Oho!" said the old Sea-King, "I thought so. You look like a boy of that name; and a very pretty name it is, too—derived from the French, perhaps. Now, Mitché, you shall have every thing you wish for, on one condition."

"And pray, Sir, what is the condition?" Mitché asked.

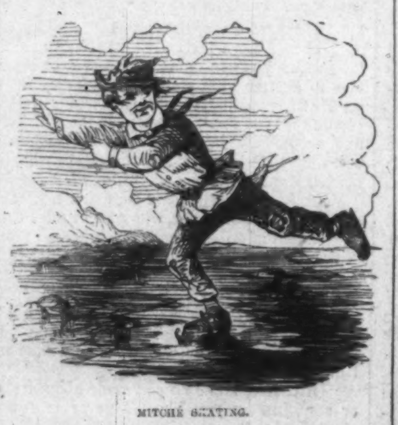
"Nothing more than this," replied the old Sea-King—"you must only wish for one thing at a time. The moment you wish for any thing else what you first wished for will vanish. In this, you perceive, I go farther than any of the great Genii of which you read in the Story-books. They only give THREE WISHES, but I give as many as you please—only, one at a time. The reason of this is, because I am the great-grandfather of Neptune, and have much more experience in the world than any of the Genii at present known to mankind."

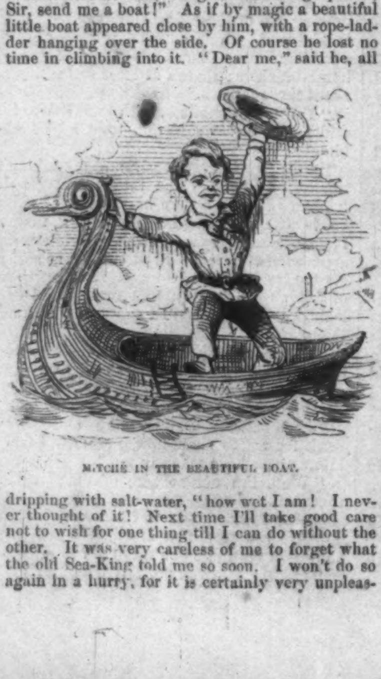
The little boy reflected a while over the many thousand things that he was in want of—including kites, marbles, tops, wooden soldiers, pop-guns, and bows and arrows—but could think of nothing so desirable that something else still more attractive did not present itself to his mind. Puzzled with the variety of beautiful things to be had merely by expressing a wish, he gazed out upon the sea in search of an idea on the subject.

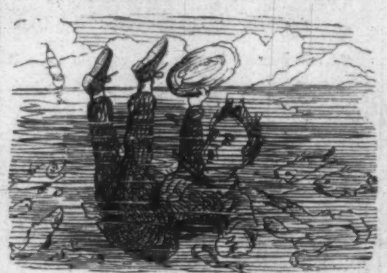
"I have it!" cried Little Mitché, joyfully; "the sea is as smooth as glass! I will go a-skating on the water! Since you are so kind, Sir," said he, turning to the Sea-King, "as to promise me whatever I desire, I will thank you to furnish me with a pair of skates that will bear me over the beautiful sea!"

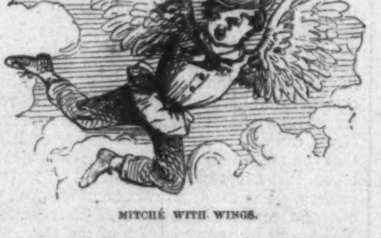
No sooner had he uttered these words than the skates were on his feet, and away he went skating over the bright blue sea, a thousand times faster than ever a boy skated upon ice.

So delighted was he with the sport that he chased the sea-gulls and flying-fish from island to island, and never stopped skating till he began to grow hungry with the exercise. "This is glorious fun!" said Little Mitché. "I could not have wished for any thing better. I can now follow all the great ships that sail upon the sea, and find out where they are going. However, I am getting rather hungry. I wish I had a piece of bread-and-butter." In an instant a piece of bread-and-butter was in his hand, but before he could raise it to his mouth down he went in the water; for, as the old Sea-King had told him, the second wish had caused what he had first wished for to vanish. Poor Little Mitché floundered about in the sea, crying for help and almost choking for breath. It was certainly quite natural for him to wish for bread-and-butter when he was hungry; but he should first have made sure of an island or something else to stand upon. Just as he was about to go to the bottom he cried out, "O great Sea-King! please, Sir, send me a boat!" As if by magic a beautiful little boat appeared close by him, with a rope-ladder hanging over the side. Of course he lost no time in climbing into it. "Dear me," said he, all dripping with salt-water, "how wet I am! I never thought of it! Next time I'll take good care not to wish for one thing till I can do without the other. It was very careless of me to forget what the old Sea-King told me so soon. I won't do so again in a hurry, for it is certainly very unpleasant sitting here in wet clothes—I wish I had some dry ones!" No sooner had he said this than his clothes were perfectly dry; but at the same time the boat sank from under him, and he was soon floundering about again in the sea. What an absurd Little Mitché! to do the very same thing he had just done before and determined not to do again! As he was about to sink for the third and last time he cried out, at the top of his voice, "Oh dear me! oh dear! I shall certainly be drowned! Oh, if I were only on dry land!" Sure enough, at the very same moment he was standing on a great desert of land, so dry that not a blade of grass grew upon it. Even the lizards, that popped out of the holes in the ground to look at him, could not keep their eyes open, so intensely hot was the sun; and a horned frog, that incautiously exposed his head to the heat, was immediately rendered insensible, and had to be dragged back into his hole by the other horned frogs that lived with him. Little Mitché began to burn up with thirst. "What a horrible country this is!" said he, looking all around; "not a tree or shrub to shield one's head from the sun, and not a drop of water to drink. I wish I had a glass of water!" Instantly he found himself hanging to a glass filled with water; but there was neither earth nor sea around him—nothing but thin air. He imagined that he was falling down through the sky, and would presently strike something—a very natural thing for a little boy to imagine under the circumstances. So he cried out in despair, "Dear me! I shall certainly be killed falling from such a height!" Almost any boy, with a very large head and a small pair of legs to balance it, would have come to the same conclusion at the same height. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mitché, "I see the great big rocks! I wish I had a pair of wings!" As he said the words he found himself flapping about in the air with a pair of big wings, just like a crow. A portion of his shirt conveniently answered the purpose of a tail. As he was flying over a corn-field he spied a man with a gun, who was apparently a dead shot at crows. "Now," said Mitché, "this fellow will certainly shoot me if I come within range of his gun. He has a very bad expression of countenance, as well as I can perceive at this distance. But the fact is, I am so tired I must light on the fence. I do wish I had a bow-and-arrow, and I would give him a pop on the head as I pass over, merely to teach him how he would like to be shot at if he were a crow!" Exactly as he wished, the bow-and-arrow were instantly in his hands; but at the same moment, as he might well have known had he taken time for reflection, his wings vanished, and down he tumbled plump on the top of the man's head! This broke his fall, and frightened the man very seriously. "A demon! A fiend!" cried the man, clapping his hand on the top of his head, and running away as fast as his legs would carry him. "A demon with wings! Get out of the way, every body!" And he ran so fast that the people thought he was a madman, and all began running in every direction to get out of his way.


MITCHÉ SKATING.

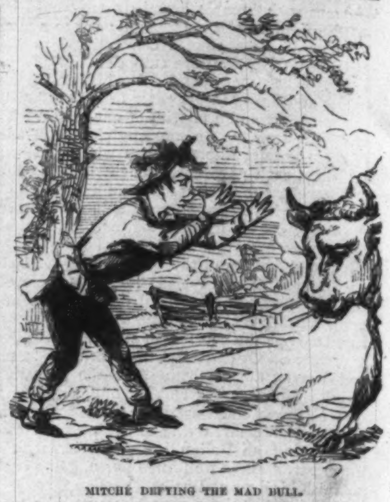

MITCHÉ IN THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

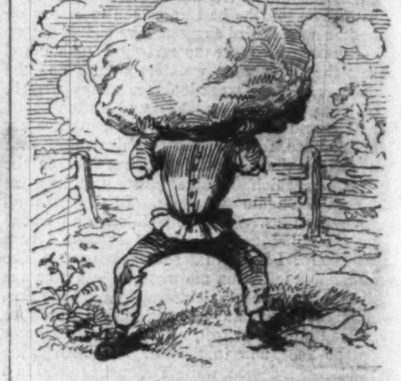

MITCHÉ OUT OF THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

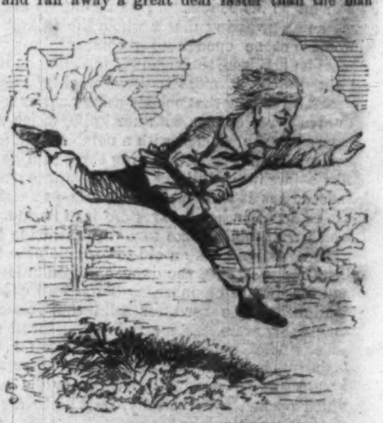

MITCHÉ WITH WINGS.

Little Mitché sat upon the ground for some time thinking what he would do next, when a furious wild bull came bellowing up the road. There was a tree close by, and Mitché knew very well that all he had to do was to wish himself in the top of it, in order to be perfectly safe. This made him very brave. Indeed, it would make any person brave, when threatened by an attack from a mad bull, to know that there was a place of security close at hand. Mitché thought he would enjoy a little satisfaction for the repeated frights that he had suffered from imaginary attacks of mad bulls; so, doubling up his fists, he stood out in the middle of the lane in a defiant attitude, and called upon the old bull to come on.

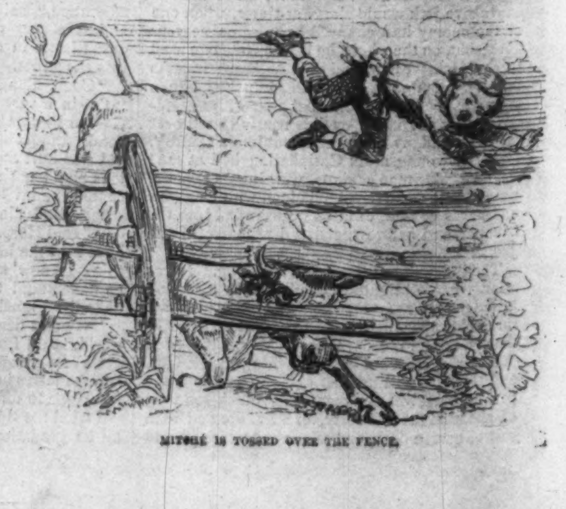
"You are an ugly brute!" cried he, bravely; "the ugliest brute I ever saw. No doubt you think yourself very strong, with that great big neck, and those sharp horns; but you can't frighten me! When I was a small boy you might have done so, with your horrible red tongue and fiery nostrils. Now, you see, the case is different. I am big, and can whip you with one hand. Oh, you needn't bellow with rage! I dare you to come on, you ugly old scamp!" Of course the bull couldn't stand this. No bull in existence could be insulted in that way with impunity. The enraged animal flashed fire out of his eyes, tore up the ground, put out his great red tongue, and rushed full tilt at our brave little hero. Just then Mitché wished himself up in the top of the tree, and there he immediately was, quite safe from every animal of the bull species. Now this made his adversary very furious. "Oh, you cowardly rascal!" cried Mitché, as the bull bellowed all around the tree, tearing up the earth and casting it over his back with rage. "Why don't you come on? I'm waiting for you! I only wish I had a big stone in my hand; I'd soon spoil your beauty!" Upon which he immediately found himself armed with a stone so big that he could hardly carry it with both hands. But alas! the tree had vanished from under him, and the furious bull was coming at him full tilt. The position was certainly very awkward, and afforded no time for reflection. Mitché took to his heels and ran away a great deal faster than the man with the gun did from the demon, shouting "Help! help! Oh gracious! I'll be gored to death! The mad bull is after me! Help! Oh, I wish—" But before he could wish any thing the bull had inserted one of his horns in the ragged part of his trowsers and tossed him over the fence into the corn-field. It was a very fortunate but inglorious termination of the battle.

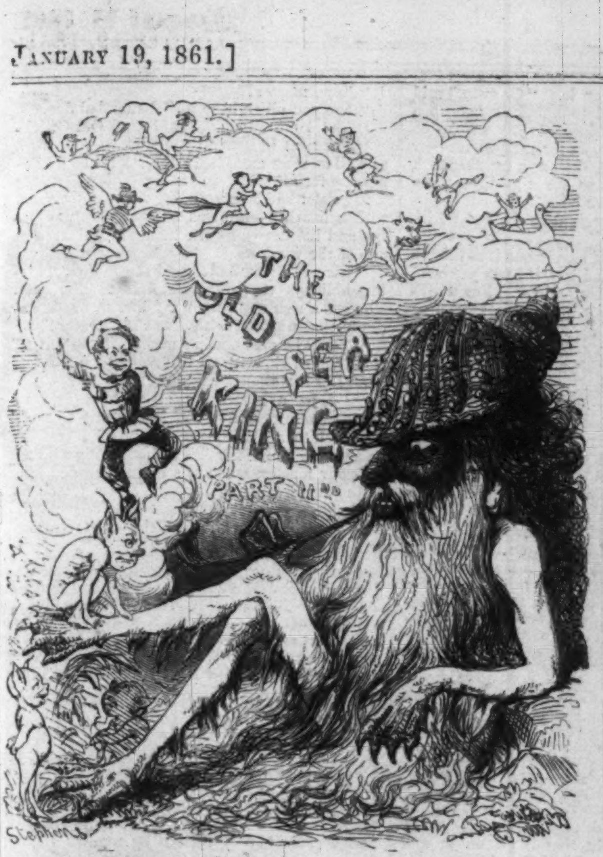

MITCHÉ DEFYING THE MAD BULL.


MITCHÉ AND THE BIG STONE.


MITCHÉ LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

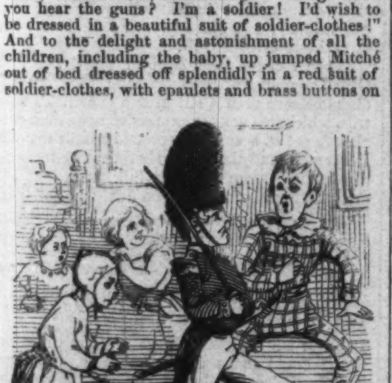
After all these strange adventures Mitché, as soon as the way was clear, walked very soberly home. When he arrived there, and related what had occurred, he was soundly corrected by his judicious Mamma for escaping so many dangers, and put to bed, where he quickly forgot his troubles and fell fast asleep. And thus ends the first part of the Christmas Story.


MITCHÉ IS TOSSED OVER THE FENCE.

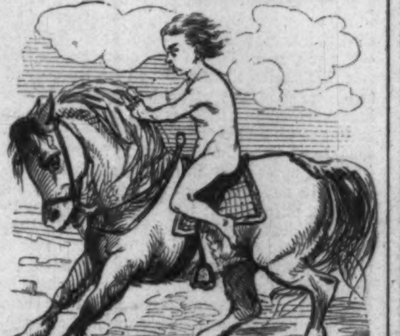


PART II.

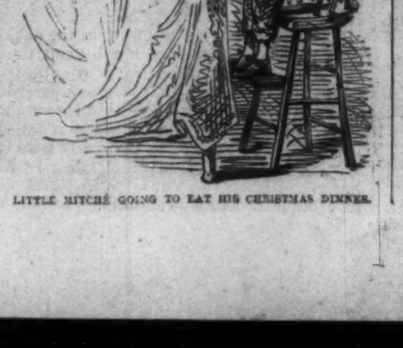
THE next morning was Christmas. Bright and early all the children were awake. Now it happened that they began talking about Christmas gifts—a very remarkable thing for children to talk about on a Christmas morning. Spenser, the eldest, said, "If I had only one wish, what do you think I would wish for?" All the children said they didn't know. "I would wish," said he, "for the purse of Fortunatus, which can never be emptied, though you may pour money out of it every day in the year." Indiscreet Spenser! when you might have wished for a mustache that would have made a man of you for life! Then every body asked May what she would wish for. What do you think May said? "I would wish for a beautiful bonnet, made of figured velvet, with a border of blue flowers." Oh, foolish little May! when you had only one wish in the world, and might have wished for a splendid pink-satin dress! Then the sleepy little Bruder woke up, and said, "I'd like to have another." "What! another bonnet?" all the children cried out, laughing. "No," said Bruder, rubbing his eyes; "another new top. I thought you were talking of tops." Oh, sleepy little Bruder, to wish for a new top, when you had but one wish, and might have wished for a whole box of paints! Then they all asked little Nina what she would wish for. "I'd wish for a new bonnet, just like May's," said Nina. Silly little Nina, to throw away your wish on a trifling bonnet, when you might have had a bran-new set of silver tea-things! All this time Little Mitché was laughing to himself, because he knew he was the only one who really could get what he wished for. Now, he thought, he would astonish all the children. "What do you think *I'd* wish for?" said he, pompously. Every body said nobody knew. "Well, guess," said Mitché. Spenser guessed a brass trumpet; May, a humming-top; Bruder, a wheel-barrow; and Nina, a whirligig. "None of these," said Mitché, disdainfully. "Bang! don't you hear the guns? I'm a soldier! I'd wish to be dressed in a beautiful suit of soldier-clothes!" And to the delight and astonishment of all the children, including the baby, up jumped Mitché out of bed dressed off splendidly in a red suit of soldier-clothes, with epaulets and brass buttons on the coat, stripes on the pantaloons, a pair of boots that reached half-way up his legs, and a tremendous shaggy hat, with a feather sticking out of the top of it. Such a formidable-looking boy of his size never was seen before. He strutted around the room exactly like a little bantam cock, and, indeed, put on such a fierce expression of countenance that May and Nina were dreadfully frightened. Mitché laughed at their groundless fears, and said, chivalrously, "Don't be afraid of me, ladies! A soldier never hurts the ladies. He only kills men."

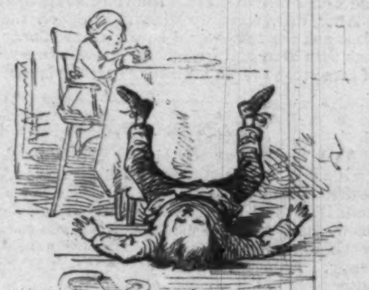

MITCHÉ IN UNIFORM.

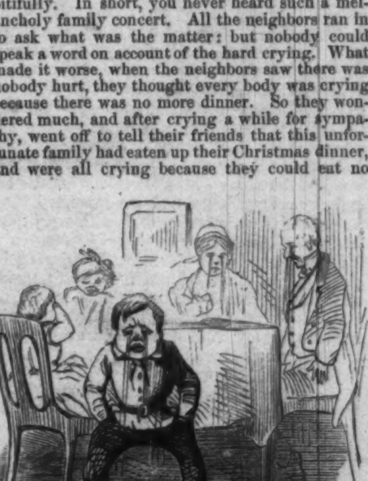
Now, all in the house hearing the cries of admiration occasioned by the splendid appearance of our little gentleman in regimentals, got up and called him out on the front porch, where all the neighbors likewise began to assemble to see the wonderful sight. Mitché was prouder than any peacock, and strutted up and down, shouting, "Bang! bang! boom-a-laddie! boom!" And from proud he began to grow even vainglorious, as some military heroes do now and then. He thought he would look still more formidable if he had a beautiful little live pony to ride upon. Just as he expressed the wish, as sure as every word of this story is true, he was astride of the prettiest little pony that mortal eye ever saw! But alas! alas! with shame I tell it! At the very same moment his suit of soldier clothes disappeared, and he was stark naked riding about before all the people! To make matters worse, the pony was a very stubborn little animal, and took a notion to stand stock-still, with his fore-legs braced out to keep himself from moving an inch. Mitché, bursting with rage and shame, cried out—"Ge! wo! get up!" It was no use—not an inch would the pony go. "Oh, you little rascal!" screamed Mitché, "if I had a whip I'd make you go! I do wish I had one!" At that identical moment he felt a whip in his hand, but the pony had disappeared from under him, and he went hopping about on his bare shanks before all the people, flourishing his whip and wondering where the pony was. So loud was the laughter caused by his odd appearance that he soon roared out crying, and then every body laughed louder still, which so mortified this little soldier that he started off as fast as his legs could carry him to bed, where he covered up his head in the blankets, and never stopped crying till Sally, the servant girl, dressed him. Oh, valiant Little Mitché! to make such an inglorious end of your military career! "It is all owing to that abominable old King of the Sea," he said, after he was dressed. "I have had nothing but trouble ever since he gave me what I wished for. I don't intend to wish for any thing more this blessed Christmas-day!"


MITCHÉ ON THE PONY.

Mitché was as good as his word, and never wished for a single thing till dinner-time, when all the family were gathered around the table to eat the smoking-hot turkey, the nice mince-pies, and the great big plum-pudding. It happened that there was no chair in his place, and he was very much afraid if he went in search of a chair somebody would take possession of the vacant place. "Oh, I do wish I had a chair!" said he, dancing with impatience. "I do wish— Halloo! Jim-crackery! what a beautiful chair!" for as sure as I am telling the exact truth he beheld at that moment, conveniently fixed at his place, the prettiest little blue arm-chair, with long legs, that ever was seen. In a trice he hopped into it, flourishing his knife and fork with joy. Every thing went on splendidly till the plum-pudding was brought on the table. It looked so nice, all speckled with raisins and covered with sugar-sauce, and the smell was so perfectly enchanting, that Little Mitché could no longer control his impatience. Indeed, it was enough to make any body impatient—such a bewitching plum-pudding as that! "Oh dear!" cried Mitché, "will nobody ever cut it up? I do wish I had a piece of that glorious plum-pudding on my plate!" And lo! there it was, all cut and buttered, exactly on the middle of his plate. Ridiculous Little Mitché! Will you be forever forgetting? Before he could say Jack Robinson his beautiful blue chair had vanished from under him, and he lay sprawling on the floor. In the mean time, while every body was laughing at his misfortune, the cat jumped upon the table and ran off with his plum-pudding! Now did you ever hear of such an unfortunate little boy? He was continually forgetting what the old Sea-King had told him. I have no doubt you would have been a great deal wiser, my dear young friend, and never have wished for any thing that you did not feel a strong desire to possess. To make matters worse, instead of wishing to have his plum-pudding back again, as any judicious boy would have done, he got so angry because every body laughed at him, that he cried out at the top of his voice, "Stop laughing at me! I don't want you to laugh at me! I wish somebody would make you all cry!" No sooner had he said the word than every body began to cry in good earnest. Papa cried so violently that he shook the roof of the house, and the tears ran down Mamma's eyes at such a rate that she had to catch them in a big Chinese bowl to keep from drowning the baby; Spenser roared out so loud that the butcher came running to see if there was a new calf for sale; May sobbed till a little river of tears ran down from both eyes and drowned three doll-babies that she had concealed in her lap to play with under the table. Poor little sleepy Bruder sat with his eyes wide open, and a great tear as big as an apple-dumpling sticking straight out of each corner. Nina did just the same as May. Mitché, seeing every body in such an awful state of affliction, thought it was because the cat had run away with his pudding, and his feelings were so deeply affected by this sympathy that he stood out in the middle of the floor, almost doubled up with grief, with his hands on his knees and his toes turned in, crying louder than any of the family. As for the dear little baby, it shrieked at such a rate that Mamma was obliged to give it a dose of paregoric; and even the old cat, having by this time finished the pudding, mewed most pitifully. In short, you never heard such a melancholy family concert. All the neighbors ran in to ask what was the matter: but nobody could speak a word on account of the hard crying. What made it worse, when the neighbors saw there was nobody hurt, they thought every body was crying because there was no more dinner. So they wondered much, and after crying a while for sympathy, went off to tell their friends that this unfortunate family had eaten up their Christmas dinner, and were all crying because they could eat no more—which was such an unhappy state of affairs that the whole village began to cry. In the mean time Little Mitché became frightened at the terrible uproar he had created, and sang out with all his might, "Don't cry so any more! I wish you would all hush!" At this every living soul in the room, including the baby, commenced whispering "Hush! hush!" and such a hushing never was heard in this world. The neighbors ran in again, and after listening a while, said they could hear nothing. Then Papa said "Hush!" and Mamma said "Hush!" and Spenser said "Hush!" and May, and Bruder, and Nina, and even the little baby said "Hush!" and kept on saying "Hush," till the neighbors declared they heard something under the floor, and ran off again frightened out of their wits; and when they told the people of the village what had occurred, every body was frightened, and declared the place was haunted. Poor Little Mitché thought it must be a grizzly bear, and the more Papa and Mamma and the children cried "Hush!" the worse he was frightened. At last he could stand it no longer, and shouted out, "Please to stop hushing! I wish you'd all quit!" Upon which every body quit the table, and left little Mitché alone to fight the grizzly. Was ever a poor boy so tormented? When he found himself entirely alone he reflected seriously over his troubles, and determined to go for advice to Papa, whom he considered a man of very sound judgment.


LITTLE MITCHÉ GOING TO EAT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.


SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF MITCHÉ'S CHAIR.


LITTLE MITCHÉ HAS LOST HIS PUDDING.

"It all comes of that hateful old Sea-King!" said he; "what do you think I ought to do, Papa?"

Now Papa, being a man of sound judgment, reflected a moment, and then said, "My son, you have thrown away a great many valuable wishes on trifles. Why don't you wish for something worth having—a handsome family-carriage, for instance, in which we might all go traveling!"

Little Mitché clapped his hands with joy, and immediately wished for a magnificent family-carriage, which at the very same moment appeared in place of Papa's house, and all the family got into it. But, lo! it would not move an inch, and how could it, for there were no horses!

"Just as I expected," said Mamma; "to wish for a fine carriage without any horses to put before it! Besides, you see we have no house to live in now. I suppose we are all to reside in the carriage for the future!"

Papa looked rather blank at the result of his wish, and thought a carriage would certainly be a little inconvenient as a permanent place of residence. Now Mamma, having much more judgment in regard to these matters, remarked, triumphantly:

"I hope you will admit now that men don't know every thing. Had you desired the boy to wish for something really useful there would have been some sense in it—a sewing-machine, for instance. You see the poor little fellow has scarcely a rag on his back!"

Papa, like the Irishman, thought he had a good many; but being a man of sound judgment said nothing, though I regret to say he puffed his cigar in a very provoking manner.

Little Mitché was delighted at the idea of a sewing-machine, and immediately wished his Mamma had a very fine one. As sure as the old Sea-King lives the whole family were at that very moment seated on the ground around a beautiful sewing-machine! Papa puffed his cigar quietly, and muttered something about taking board and lodging under the machine, and sleeping on top of it during the warm December nights to keep himself cool—and perhaps Mamma could sew the children up in a big bag every night and hang them on a tree to keep the gophers from running away with them. Here all the children clapped their hands and laughed so heartily that Mamma was obliged to smile at Papa's foolishness. However, though she did not choose to admit it, the fact was evident, that a sewing-machine would be even a more inconvenient place of residence than a carriage, and Mitché very sensibly wished for the house back again just as it stood before; in which, of course, he was at once gratified.

He now came to the conclusion that the Sea-King was not to be trusted, since both old and young derived nothing but trouble from the gift of wishing; so he retired into the library to study what ought to be done. After turning the whole business over in his mind a happy thought struck him. He would wish the old Sea-King to be present, and then get Papa to give him a good beating; for Mitché, like many other little boys, had an idea that his Papa could whip any body in the world. "Oh, it will be such fine fun," said he, clapping his hands joyfully, "to see the old fellow jumping about and shouting with pain! Oh, I wish Papa were here!" At that moment Papa stood exactly before him. Mitché was enchanted. "Oh, Papa, can't you punish the old Sea-King for troubling me!" "To be sure, Mitché, where is he; I'll give him a good flogging." Mitche looked all around; but of course the old Sea-King was not there. Then he thought a while, and said, "I just wish he would pop in here!" "Ho, ho!" cried a voice like the grating of sea-shells on a gravelly shore, "Ho, ho! my fine little fellow! I think you said you wanted me?" Mitché turned around, and saw, standing before him, all dripping with salt-water, the venerable King of the Sea.

"Now, Papa!" cried Mitché, in triumph. But, of course, Papa had vanished!

"And pray, my little man," said the old Sea-King, with a sly leer, "what do you want with your Papa?"

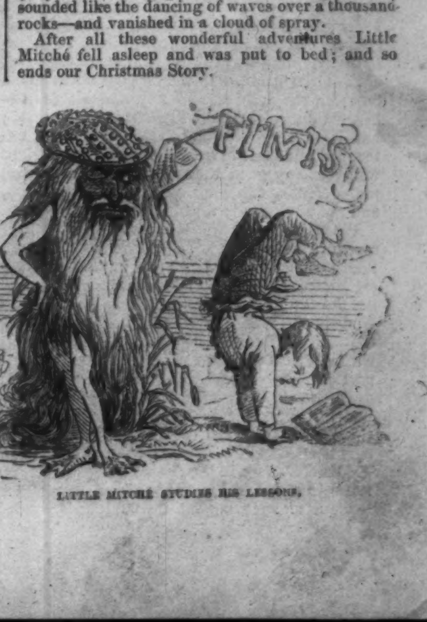
Mitché was terribly frightened to find himself alone with this shaggy old monster, and replied, in a faltering voice:

"I thought, Sir, that your kind services merited some reward, and I merely wanted my Papa to give it to you."

"Ho, ho! Well, never mind! We'll excuse him this time. Take heart, my little friend," said the Monster; "I won't hurt you. I never hurt fine little boys who tell the truth. But really I must go and attend to my chickens. They are flying all about perfectly wild over the sea. Is there any thing else you would like?"

At this Mitché took courage and said: "Please, good Sir, will you be so kind as to take back the gift of having whatever I wish for that you gave me on the sea-shore? It has brought me nothing but trouble." At this the old Sea-King shook his sides with laughter, so that the salt-water ran down all over the floor. As soon as he could speak he turned his great oyster eye on Mitché and said, in a voice of becoming gravity, "Very well, my little friend, as you please. Just call upon me again when you want any thing. But always bear this in mind: If little children had every thing they wish for, they would be very unhappy. God gives all little children quite as much as they deserve; any thing more would do them harm instead of good. Of course," continued the old Sea-King, rolling his oyster eye all around, and chuckling to himself, "of course the case is quite different with grown people. Being very judicious on account of their superior age and experience, they never wish for foolish things which they ought not to have, as innocent little children do. Ho, ho! good-by, Mitché!" Saying this, the jolly old Sea-King gave one roar of laughter that sounded like the dancing of waves over a thousand rocks—and vanished in a cloud of spray.

After all these wonderful adventures Little Mitché fell asleep and was put to bed; and so ends our Christmas Story.



LITTLE MITCHÉ STUDIES HIS LESSONS.

SONG.

Why did I give my heart away,
Gave it so lightly, gave it to pay
For a pleasant dream on a summer's day?

Why did I leave my mother dear,
Left her with never a doubt or fear,
For him who has left me without a tear?

Why not believe the words they said,
That I'd better be lying cold and dead,
Than go with one whom I'd never wed?

Why did I love? I did not know
How surely passing years would show
My love could bring me nothing but woe.

Why did I give my heart away,
Gave it so rashly, gave it to pay
For a false sweet smile one summer's day?

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and well deserved; but that it is a miserable thing, I can testify.

Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the best parlor as a most elegant saloon; I had believed in the front door as a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whose solemn opening was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as the glowing road to manhood and independence. Within a single year all this was changed. Now it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

Once it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's 'prentice, I should be distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small-coal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the anvil was a feather. There have been occasions in my later life (I suppose as in most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from any thing save dull endurance any more. Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and blank as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

I remember that at a later period of my "time" I used to stand about the church-yard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. I was quite as dejected on the first working-day of my apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indentures lasted. It is about the only thing I *am* glad to know of myself in that connection.

For, though it includes what I proceed to add, all the merit of what I proceed to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self in going by, and I know right well that any good that intermixed itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restlessly aspiring discontented me.

What I wanted who can say? How can *I* say when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimiest and commonest, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe and we were singing old Clem, and when the thought how we used to sing it at Miss Havisham's would seem to show me Estella's face in the fire with her pretty hair fluttering in the wind and her eyes scorning me—often at such a time I would look toward those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden windows then were, and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went into supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever in my own ungracious breast.

CHAPTER XIV.

As I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great aunt's room, my education under that preposterous female terminated. Not, however, until Biddy had imparted to me every thing she knew, from the little catalogue of prices to a comic song she had once bought for a halfpenny. Although the only coherent part of the latter piece of literature were the open lines,

When I went to Lunnon town sirs
Too rul loo rul
Too rul loo rul
Wasn't I done very brown sirs
Too rul loo rul
Too rul loo rul

—still, in my desire to be wiser, I got this composition by heart with the utmost gravity; nor do I recollect that I questioned its merit, except that I thought (as I still do) the amount of Too rul somewhat in excess of the poetry. In my hunger for information I made proposals to Mr. Wopsle to bestow some intellectual crumbs upon me: with which he kindly complied. As it turned out, however, that he only wanted me for a dramatic lay figure, to be contradicted and embraced and wept over and bullied and clutched and stabbed and knocked about in a variety of ways, I soon declined that course of instruction; though not until Mr. Wopsle in his poetic fury had severely mauled me.

Whatever I acquired I tried to impart to Joe. This statement sounds so well that I can not in my conscience let it pass unexplained. I wanted to make Joe less ignorant and common, that he might be worthier of my society and less open to Estella's reproach.

The old Battery out on the marshes was our place of study, and a broken slate and a short piece of slate-pencil were our educational implements: to which Joe always added a pipe of tobacco. I never knew Joe to remember any thing from one Sunday to another, or to acquire, under my tuition, any piece of information whatever. Yet he would smoke his pipe at the Battery with a far more sagacious air than any where else—I would even say with a learned air—as if he considered himself to be advancing immensely. Dear fellow, I hope he did.

It was pleasant and quiet out there, with the sails on the river passing beyond the earth-work, and sometimes, when the tide was low, looking as if they belonged to sunken ships that were still sailing on at the bottom of the water. Whenever I watched the vessels standing out to sea with their white sails spread, I somehow thought of Miss Havisham and Estella; and whenever the light struck aslant afar off, upon a cloud or sail or green hill-side or water-line, it was just the same. Miss Havisham and Estella and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with every thing that was picturesque.

One Sunday when Joe, greatly enjoying his pipe, had so plumed himself on being "most awful dull," that I had given him up for the day, I lay on the earthwork for some time with my chin on my hand descrying traces of Miss Havisham and Estella all over the prospect, in the sky and in the water, until at last I resolved to mention a thought concerning them that had been much in my head.

"Joe," said I; "don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?"

"Well, Pip," returned Joe, slowly considering. "What for?"

"What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?"

"There is some wisits p'r'aps," said Joe, "as for ever remains open to the question, Pip. But in regard of wisiting Miss Havisham. She might think you wanted something—expected something of her."

"Don't you think I might say that I did not, Joe?"

"You might, old chap," said Joe. "And she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't."

Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from weakening it by repetition.

"You see, Pip," Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, "Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you. When Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me as that were all."

"Yes, Joe. I heard her."

"All," Joe repeated, very emphatically.

"Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her."

"Which I meantersay, Pip, it might be that her meaning were—Make a end on it!—As you was!—Me to the North and you to the South!—Keep in sunders!"

I had thought of that too, and it was very far from comforting to me to find that he had thought of it; for it seemed to render it more probable.

"But, Joe."

"Yes, old chap."

"Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and since the day of my being bound I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her."

"That's true, Pip; and unless you was to turn her out a set of shoes all four round—and which I meantersay as even a set of shoes all four round might not act acceptable as a present, in a total wacancy of hoofs—"

"I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe; I don't meant a present."

But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must harp upon it. "Or even," said he, "if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door—or say a gross or two of shark-headed screws for general use—or some light fancy article, such as a toasting-fork when she took her muffins—or a gridiron when she took a sprat or such like—"

"I don't mean any present at all, Joe," I interposed.

"Well," said Joe, still harping on it as though I had particularly pressed it, "if I was yourself, Pip, I wouldn't. No, I would *not*. For what's a door-chain when she's got one always up? And shark-headers is open to misrepresentations. And if it was a toasting-fork, you'd go into brass and do yourself no credit. And the oncommonest workman can't show himself oncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron IS a gridiron," said Joe, steadfastly impressing it upon me, as if he were endeavoring to rouse me from a fixed delusion, "and you may haim at what you like, but a gridiron it will come out, either by your leave or again your leave, and you can't help yourself—"

"My dear Joe," I cried, in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

"No, Pip," Joe assented, as if he had been contending for that all along; "and what I say to you is, you are right, Pip."

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you could give me a half holiday to-morrow, I think I would go up town and make a call on Miss Est—Havisham."

"Which her name," said Joe, gravely, "ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been rechris'ened."

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?"

In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it. But he was particular in stipulating that if I were not received with cordiality, or if I were not encouraged to repeat my visit as a visit which had no ulterior object but was simply one of gratitude for a favor received, then this experimental trip should have no successor. By these conditions I promised to abide.

Now Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Orlick. He pretended that his Christian name was Dolge—a clear impossibility—but he was a fellow of that obstinate disposition that I believe him to have been the prey of no delusion in this particular, but willfully to have imposed that name upon the village as an affront to its understanding. He was a broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargeman to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out like Cain or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on sluice gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half resentful, half puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

This morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I was very small and timid, he gave me to understand that the Devil lived in a black corner of the forge, and that he knew the fiend very well: also that it was necessary to make up the fire once in every seven years with a live boy, and that I might consider myself fuel. When I became Joe's 'prentice, he was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him; howbeit, he liked me still less. Not that he ever said any thing, or did any thing, openly importing hostility; I only noticed that he always beat his sparks in my direction, and that whenever I sang Old Clem he came in out of time.

Dolge Orlick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday. He said nothing at the moment, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them and I was at the bellows; but by-and-by he said, leaning on his hammer:

"Now, master! Sure you're not a going to favor only one of us. If Young Pip has a half-holiday, do as much for Old Orlick." I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

"Why, what'll you do with a half-holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

"What'll *I* do with it! What'll *he* do with it? I'll do as much with it as *him*," said Orlick.

"As to Pip, he's going up town," said Joe.

"Well, then, as to Old Orlick, *he's* going up town," retorted that worthy. "Two can go up town. Tan't only one wot can go up town."

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.

"Shall if I like," growled Orlick. "Some and their up-towning! Now, master! Come. No favoring in this shop. Be a man."

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Orlick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made at me with it as if he were going to run it through my body, whisked it round my head, laid it on the anvil, hammered it out—as if it were I, I thought, and the sparks were my spirting blood—and finally said, when he had hammered himself hot and the iron cold, and he again leaned on his hammer:

"Now, master!"

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

"Ah! I am all right," said gruff Old Orlick.

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all."

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing—she was a most unscrupulous spy and listener—and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish *I* was his master!"

"You'd be every body's master, if you durst," retorted Orlick, with an ill-favored grin.

("Let her alone," said Joe.)

"I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues," returned my sister, beginning to work herself into a mighty rage. "And I couldn't be a match for the noodles without being a match for your master, who's the dunder-headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues, without being a match for you, who are the blackest-looking and the worst rogue between this and France. Now!"

"You're a foul shrew, Mother Gargery," growled the journeyman. "If that makes a judge of rogues, you ought to be a good'un."

("Let her alone, will you?" said Joe.)

"What did you say?" cried my sister, beginning to scream. "What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? O! O! O!" Each of these exclamations was a shriek; and I must remark of my sister, what is equally true of all the violent women I have ever seen, that passion was no excuse for her, because it is undeniable that, instead of lapsing into passion, she consciously and deliberately took extraordinary pains to force herself into it, and became blindly furious by regular stages; "what was the name he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? O! Hold me! O!"

"Ah-h-h!" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, "I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you."

("I tell you, let her alone," said Joe.)

"O! To hear him!" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together—which was her next stage. "To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! O! O!" Here my sister, after a fit of clappings and screamings, beat her hands upon her bosom and upon her knees, and threw her cap off and pulled her hair down—which were the last stages on her road to frenzy. Being by this time a perfect Fury and a complete success, she made a dash at the door, which I had fortunately locked.

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interruptions, but stand up to his journeyman and ask him what he meant by interfering betwixt himself and Mrs. Joe; and further, whether he was man enough to come on? Old Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming on, and was on his defense straightway; so, without so much as pulling off their singed and burned aprons, they went at one another like two giants. But if any man in that neighborhood could stand up long against Joe I never saw the man. Orlick, as if he had been of no more account than the pale young gentleman, was very soon among the coal-dust and in no hurry to come out of it. Then Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (but who had seen the fight first, I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to revive, and would do nothing but struggle and clench her hands in Joe's hair. Then came that singular calm and silence which succeed all uproars; and then, with the vague sensation which I have always connected with that lull—namely, that it was Sunday, and somebody was dead—I went up stairs to dress myself.

When I came down again I found Joe and Orlick sweeping up, without any other traces of discomposure than a slit in one of Orlick's nostrils, which was neither expressive nor ornamental. A pot of beer had appeared from the Jolly Bargemen, and they were sharing it by turns in a peaceable manner. The lull had a sedative and philosophic influence on Joe, who followed me out into the road to say, as a parting observation that might do me good, "On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip—such is Life!"

With what absurd emotions (for we think the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy) I found myself again going to Miss Havisham's matters little here. Nor how I passed and repassed the gate many times before I could make up my mind to ring; nor how I debated whether I should go away without ringing; nor how I should undoubtedly have gone, if my time had been my own to come back.

Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate. No Estella.

"How, then? You here again?" said Miss Pocket. "What do you want?"

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated whether or no she should send me about my business. But unwilling to hazard the responsibility, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to "come up."

Every thing was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone. "Well?" said she, fixing her eyes upon me. "I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing."

"No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

"There, there!" with the old restless fingers. "Come now and then; come on your birthday.—Ay!" she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair toward me, "you are looking round for Estella? Hey?"

I had been looking round, in fact, for Estella; and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

"Abroad," said Miss Havisham; "educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say. She spared me the trouble of considering by dismissing me. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah, of the walnut-shell countenance, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with every thing; and that was all I took by *that* motion.

As I was loitering along the High Street, looking in disconsolately at the shop-windows, and thinking what I should buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the book-shop but Mr. Wopsle. Mr. Wopsle had in his hand the affecting tragedy of George Barnwell, in which he had that moment invested sixpence, with the view of heaping every word of it on the head of Pumblechook, with whom he was going to drink tea. No sooner did he see me than he appeared to consider that a special Providence had put a 'prentice in his way to be read at; and he laid hold of me, and insisted on my accompanying him to the Pumblechookian parlor. As I knew it would be miserable at home, and as the nights were dark and the way was dreary, and almost any companionship on the road was better than none, I made no great resistance; consequently we turned into Pumblechook's just as the street and the shops were lighting up.

As I never assisted at any other representation of George Barnwell, I don't know how long it may usually take; but I know very well that it took until past nine o'clock that night, and that when Mr. Wopsle got into Newgate I thought he never would go to the scaffold, he became so much slower than at any former period of his disgraceful career. I thought it a little too much that he should complain of being cut short in his flower after all, as if he had not been running to seed, leaf after leaf, ever since he was taken up. This, however, was a mere question of length and wearisomeness. What stung me was the identification of the whole affair with my unoffending self. When Barnwell began to go wrong, I declare that I felt positively apologetic, Pumblechook's indignant stare so taxed me with it. Wopsle, too, took pains to present me in the worst light. At once ferocious and maudlin, I was made to murder my uncle with no extenuating circumstances whatever; Millwood put me down in argument on every occasion; it became sheer monomania in my master's daughter to care a button for me; and all I can say for my gasping and procrastinating conduct on the fatal morning is, that it was worthy of the general feebleness of my character. Even after I was happily hanged, and Wopsle had closed the book, Pumblechook sat staring at me, and shaking his head, and saying, "Take warning, boy! take warning!" as if it were a well-known fact that, in my private capacity, I contemplated murdering a near relation, provided I could induce one to have the weakness to become my benefactor.

It was a very dark night when it was all over, and when I set out with Mr. Wopsle on the walk home. Beyond town we found a heavy mist out, and it fell wet and thick. The turnpike lamp was a blur, quite out of the lamp's usual place apparently, and its rays looked solid substance on the fog. We were noticing this, and saying how that the mist rose with a change of wind from a certain quarter of our marshes, when we came upon a man slouching under the lee of the turnpike house.

"Halloa!" we said, stopping. "Orlick, there?"

"Ah!" he answered, slouching out. "I was standing by a minute, on the chance of company."

"You are late," I remarked.

Orlick not unnaturally answered, "Well? And *you're* late."

"We have been," said Mr. Wopsle, exalted with his late performance—"we have been indulging, Mr. Orlick, in an intellectual evening."

Old Orlick growled, as if he had nothing to say about that, and we all went on together. I asked him presently whether he had been spending his half-holiday up and down town?

"Yes," said he, "all of it. I come in behind yourself. I didn't see you, but I must have been pretty close behind you. By-the-by the guns is going again."

"At the Hulks?" said I.

"Ay! There's some of the birds flown from the cages. The guns have been going since dark, about. You'll hear one presently."

In effect, we had not walked many yards further when the well-remembered boom came toward us, deadened by the mist, and heavily rolled away along the low grounds by the river, as if it were pursuing and threatening the fugitives.

"A good night for cutting off in," said Orlick. "We'd be puzzled how to bring down a jail-bird on the wing to-night."

The subject was a suggestive one to me, and I thought about it in silence. Mr. Wopsle, as the ill-requited uncle of the evening's tragedy, fell to meditating aloud in his garden at Camberwell. Orlick, with his hands in his pockets, slouched heavily at my side. It was very dark, very wet, very muddy, and so we splashed along. Now and then the sound of the signal cannon broke upon us again, and again rolled sulkily along the course of the river. I kept myself to myself and my thoughts. Mr. Wopsle died amiably at Camberwell, and exceedingly game on Bosworth Field, and in the greatest agonies at Glastonbury. Orlick sometimes growled, "Beat it out, beat it out—old Clem! With a clink for the stout—old Clem!" I thought he had been drinking, but he was not drunk.

Thus we came to the village. The way by which we approached it took us past the Three Jolly Bargemen, which we were surprised to find—it being eleven o'clock—in a state of commotion, with the door wide open, and unwonted lights, that had been hastily caught up and put down, scattered about. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter (surmising that a convict had been taken), but came running out in a great hurry.

"There's something wrong," said he, without stopping, "up at your place, Pip. Run all!"

"What is it?" I asked, keeping up with him. So did Orlick, at my side.

"I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt."

We were running too fast to admit of more being said, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there were a group of women, all on the floor in the midst of the kitchen. The unemployed by-standers drew back when they saw me, and so I became aware of my sister—lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, dealt by some unknown hand when her face was turned toward the fire—destined never to be on the Ram-page again while she was wife of Joe.

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